

# ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XXVII.

AUGUST, 1900.

No. 10.

## QUEEN LOG AND QUEEN STORK.

—  
BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.  
—

### THE FABLE.

A COLONY of frogs, discontented with their pond, prayed Jove to send them a king. For answer he dropped into the pond a heavy log. For a while the frogs looked with awe at this new ruler, but becoming accustomed to it, and discovering that it never spoke or moved, they learned to despise it, and importuned Jove to provide them with a more active monarch. This he did in the shape of a stork, who made things lively indeed in the pond, and caused the frogs to regret that they had ever found fault with their inoffensive and quiet log. They went to Jove with fresh complaints; but he angrily bade them hold their peace, or he would provide them with a ruler whom they would dislike even more than they did the stork.

THREE girls were sitting round the fire in a big, old-fashioned house in the outskirts of a New England village. The eldest, not quite eighteen, was in shortish long dresses; the other two, twins, in longish short dresses. Each occupied a rocking-chair, and as they rocked they talked, as I fear some nieces are but too apt to do, about the shortcomings of their maiden aunt — of her who had charge of them, and regulated the length of their frocks and other matters of importance.

"Only think," said Amy, the eldest of the three; "Mrs. Pendexter has put up all her preserves already! Such a lot! And all her pickles, sweet and sour, and head-cheese, and a barrel full of lovely Shaker apple-sauce. I was there this morning, and she showed me her store-room. Such rows and rows of jars and tumblers, and shelves full of hard pears set to ripen, and home-cured hams and tongues. I never saw anything like it. It really made me ashamed

to think of ours — just currant jelly and quince sauce, and spiced cucumbers, and Aunt Sophia saying that baked apples are much more wholesome than sweetmeats. Who wants wholesome things? I wish Aunt Sophia had more energy and more faculty. It really reflects on us, her bad housekeeping, for of course people suppose that we have no more ambition than she has."

"I know," said Margaret, the curly-haired twin; "and all the time we have quite as much as the other girls, only we never get a chance to show it, because Aunt Sophia is so slack."

There was something a little foreign and un-American in the looks of the Grenell girls, — something dark, vivid, piquant, — which shows how far down ancestral traits can be traced, for it was more than two centuries since the first of the race, a young Huguenot flying from religious persecutions, had landed in Maryland, so tradition said, with only his

wits and two louis d'or with which to begin life in a new country. His name was La Grenouille, which in course of time underwent various changes and corruptions, being successively Greenwheel, Greenville, Grenville, and, finally, Grenell, by which last title his descendants had called themselves for the past eighty years. Whether the wits or the louis d'or helped him most no one now could tell. The only thing certain was that the young emigrant prospered, and all of his name had been respectable and well off. His great-great-grandson, Squire Grenell of Marsh Hollow, so called from a wide stretch of pasture-land fed by meadow-springs which defied droughts and always produced a big crop of hay whatever the season, was a clever and highly esteemed lawyer. His French blood gave him a certain vivacity and dramatic power which told with a jury. His daughters were like him in coloring and gesture, but they had a good share of common sense and "gumption" as well; for all the Grenells, from the first settler down, had married New England wives.

Mrs. Grenell had died when the twins were a few weeks old, and her place was taken—not filled—by her sister, Miss Sophia Wood, an easy, good-natured, rather indolent person of thirty. That was about sixteen years ago, and under her management the big, green-blinded house at the Marsh had taken on an air of mellow shabbiness, which, though it had an irregular pleasantness about it, conflicted not a little with the standards of the neighborhood. To use a room for "company" days and common days alike, and, in consequence, have no best parlor, was considered in Boxet an impropriety, a flying in the face of all traditions, almost of gospel privileges. So people called Miss Sophia "shiftless" and pitied her nieces; but, in spite of the criticism, every one, young and old alike, found something attractive in the sitting-room at the Marsh, with its fire and easy-chairs, its strew of books and newspapers, where the sun was allowed to fade the carpet if it would, the canary to scatter seed at will over the table of geraniums below his cage, and where Aunt Sophia's work-basket, spilling over with stockings to mend and buttonless shirts, stood always in plain sight on the patch-covered

sofa. The room certainly was not tidy, but just as certainly it was pleasant; and so the girls thought it, except when they occasionally took the turn of wishing their aunt was like other people's aunts and had "faculty." "Faculty," as perhaps some of you girls do not know, is a mysterious endowment which includes all the requisites for perfect housekeeping. It means a natural turn for thrift and order, for getting a great deal out of a little, an aptitude which makes bread rise and plants flower, and is equally successful in the manufacture of a pudding or a shroud. It is the highest possible compliment in New England to say of a housewife that she has faculty; but it is a compliment that has to be paid for. The bubble reputation is expensive in all ranks of life, and I question if the little Grenells, as they sat there discussing their aunt, had any idea how high the price might be. They liked ease and hated details, as most girls do, and Aunt Sophia, with her comfortable, slipshod ways, had made them lazy. After all is said and done, it is easier to have some one else *not* do things than it is to do them yourself.

"Who is that?" asked Amy, as a heavy step sounded in the entry, and some one passed the door on his way to the dining-room.

"It is Mr. Gage, I believe. He's always coming to see Aunt Sophia, it seems to me—I suppose because she is president of the Missionary Society."

"But," put in Margaret, doubtfully, "I don't quite see why that should bring Mr. Gage here so often. Aunty never does anything, you know. She's just a figurehead at the meetings. Mrs. Pendexter attends to all the work."

"Perhaps Mr. Gage does n't know that. He seems to think it necessary to come quite often."

Mr. Gage, the Congregational minister at Boxet, was an elderly man, "out of wife at the moment," as one parishioner phrased it, with his children all married and settled at a distance from him. He had a comfortable parsonage and a fair salary, and was a good-looking man, who did not seem so old as he was. Shrewder observers might have suspected a more sentimental reason for his frequent calls on Miss Sophia Wood than an abstract interest in mis-

sions, for she was pretty well off, cozy and comfortable in appearance, and known to be extremely kind and even-tempered. But not her nieces. Nieces are particularly unsuspicious where their elder relatives are concerned, and

was evidently as much taken by surprise as his daughters.

"Married!" cried Amy. "You don't mean it, papa,—and to that tiresome old man! Aunt Sophia! why, she is as old as the hills."



"THREE GIRLS WERE SITTING ROUND THE FIRE IN A BIG, OLD-FASHIONED HOUSE." (SEE PAGE 859.)

slow to admit the possibility of their having lovers. Why should they?

So, though old Mr. Gage came and went and creaked regularly over the oilcloth two or three times a week, and the president of the Missionary Society put on her best gown for these interviews, and was apt to have a rather becoming spot of color on her cheeks after them, the girls suspected nothing, and were entirely taken by surprise when, two months after this talk about Aunt Sophia and her easy ways, their father came in with the astonishing information that their aunt was going to be married.

Mr. Grenell looked pale and annoyed; he

"She's forty-eight, if that's what you mean. It does n't seem to me quite as old as the hills. I'm fifty-four myself," was the father's reply to this remark.

Dead silence. To his children Mr. Grenell, who considered himself and whose neighbors considered him a man in the prime of life, seemed in venerable old age.

"Yes, papa, yes," cried Sophie, finding her voice at last. "But poor Aunt Sophia; how terrible it is! What on earth should she want to marry Mr. Gage for—or he her?"

"Don't ask me," said Mr. Grenell, testily. "What does anybody else want to marry for?"

I don't suppose that your aunt could give an intelligent reason, or Mr. Gage, either. But, nevertheless, the fact remains that she is going to be married, and the question is how we are going to manage without her."

"Oh, papa, there won't be any trouble about *that*," asserted Amy, confidently. "Aunt Sophia never was much of a housekeeper, you know. We shall get on just as well—though, of course, we shall miss her," she added.

"Hum! I don't know," replied Mr. Grenell. "She's made the house home-like and comfortable, somehow. I shall be glad if, among you all, you can do as well."

"How curious men are!" remarked Amy, after he was gone. "They never understand about things as a woman does. I must say, it would be queer if we could not keep house as well as Aunt Sophia, and better, too."

"I should say so!" This was Margaret. "And I think it will be rather nice to have our own way a little more than we have ever had it. Just for one thing, I always wanted Mary Ann to wear caps when she waited on table, as they do in the cities, but Aunt Sophia objected. She said Mary Ann would never stand it."

"Oh, she'll stand it fast enough, when she finds that she has to," said Amy, easily. "We'll use the pink china every night, and always have flowers at dinner. I do like to have things pretty. Aunt Sophia! Good gracious! wonders will never cease. But I should think she'd be ashamed—at her age."

Aunt Sophia was not in the least ashamed. It was her first experience of being married, and her lover, her wedding, and her wedding-gown were as interesting to her as to any girl of eighteen. Things went in a more haphazard fashion than ever at the Marsh during the interval between the engagement and the marriage, and even Mr. Grenell heaved a sigh of relief when, the ceremony over, and Mrs. Gage's bridal splendors of pink and olive changed for sober gray, the newly wedded pair departed in a roomy gig for a few days' honeymoon on wheels, after which they were to return and settle in the parsonage, in time for the Sunday services.

"Now we'll get the rooms in order, and fall to work and eat wedding-cake till all is blue!"

announced Margaret, gleefully. "For once in my life I am going to have as much as I want. Aunt Sophia said we must send some to the neighbors; but cut smallish pieces, Amy, so that plenty may be left for us."

It may have been this overdose of wedding-cake which made that first week seem hard to them all. For a day or two the girls were busy installing Amy in Aunt Sophia's roomy chamber over the dining-room, lengthening all the dresses, altering the position of the chairs and tables, and generally unsettling the routine established by their aunt—that to which the servants were accustomed. It cannot be said that the changes were always improvements, but at least they gave a different look; that was the main thing. Little tables containing a variety of fragile articles were placed casually here and there to give an air of elegant disorder; but after Mr. Grenell had stumbled over them once or twice, and broken eight of the best cups, the tables were withdrawn into corners, where they were safer and less in the way. Strange new dishes out of the recipe-book appeared on table. Some were good, but more were bad. Mr. Grenell objected to them all in toto, and demanded familiar food for every meal, the plain roast and boiled to which he was accustomed. This was discouraging, and Amy took less interest in her elaborate recipes when she found that papa could by no means be persuaded to eat them.

For a few days the pleasure of authority sustained her, but as soon as this began to flag, old habits of ease and forgetfulness reasserted themselves. Aunt Sophia was married on a Monday, and on the Friday of the following week Amy went out directly after breakfast, "for a few minutes," she said, and forgot to come back. She had left no orders either with her sisters or with the servants; result, at twelve o'clock, Norah, the cook, with a very black aspect, went in search of Margaret, who was the only one of the girls at home.

"Miss Amy's gone off without a wurrud, and she's tuk the kay of the pantry wid her, and sure there's not a thing ready for dinner," she announced. "The master'll be in at wan, and he'll want his dinner punctial, for coort's sitting. What's to be done?"



"Good gracious! Norah, what *is* Amy thinking of? I supposed she was back long ago."

"No, ma'am; she ain't back, nor the pantry kay ain't back, neither. Miss Sophia *she* did n't have no need of a kay," added Norah, with fine sarcasm. "She was n't afraid I'd stale the sugar or the tomaterses if she left the dure free. I'd make a corn-starch pudding if the things was n't all locked up. But there, it ain't no use talking."

"There she is, coming down the street, now," cried Margaret. She flew out to hasten her sister's steps. Amy had stopped to speak with a friend. She was chatting away in the most leisurely fashion when the breathless Margaret reached her; but she broke the conversation off short and fairly ran for home as soon as she realized the hour and the situation. The store-room was unlocked with penitent apologies, but Norah was not easy to pacify, and Mr. Grenell, when he appeared, sharp at one, with just twenty-five minutes to spare, to find dinner half an hour late, was exceedingly displeased.

"This must not happen again," he said grimly, when, after swallowing a cup of tea, a sandwich, and a slice of dried-apple pie, he dashed on his hat to get back to the court-room. "Some one has got to keep this house. If you can't do it, Amy, I shall look out for some one who can."

"Oh, oh, oh!" sobbed Amy, after he was gone. "And aunty not married a fortnight yet! How could I be such a wretch as to forget? I shall never forgive myself! I will not be late again — indeed, I will not."

But she was! The habits of a lifetime cannot be overcome, or the lack of training remedied, in a moment. She repented, she resolved, she did better, made fewer blunders. In time she would have "risen on stepping-stones" of her own mistakes and become a fairly good housekeeper; but while the process of improvement was going on things were not very comfortable at the Marsh.

Norah departed, in despair at the new order of things.

"Sure, 't was a good enough place so long as the old lady was to the fore," she told her

crony; "but look at it now! *She* never wint stavagering about, and misremembering the dinner, or coming in ten minutes before the time to say she forgot, but it was turkey she intended. Turkey, that takes two hours! And *she* never kim in the middle of the ironing, telling me there was frinds dropped in and I must stop and make ice-cream for them! I don't want no more girls giving me orders; I want a settled place" — which settled place she later found at the parsonage, Mrs. Gage being naturally glad to inherit the old servant who knew her ways and recipes. Mary Ann also gave warning. Being asked to wear a cap was her ostensible reason, the real one being that she was lonely without Norah, and put out at the changes in the house. Amy did not regret her departure till she found how hard it was to hear of any one half as good to take the place.

She was learning fast. In another year or two she would probably have improved into a fairly good manager, but, unhappily, this interval was not granted her. In September, five months after Aunt Sophia's marriage, Mr. Grenell called his daughters together, and informed them, briefly and without comment, that he was going to be married, almost immediately, to Mrs. Bird, a widow who lived about five miles from Boxet, on the river road, and who had the reputation of being the best housekeeper, and one of the most successful farmers and butter-makers, in the neighborhood.

The Grenells had never known Mrs. Bird, but they were familiar with her face as it appeared on Sundays across the church—a sharp face, with keen eyes, a Roman nose, and a long neck curving upward from the folds of a Paisley shawl—a kind of shawl which past generations knew only too well, but which our own knows not. Amy had been wont to laugh at this shawl, and at Mrs. Bird's bonnets, which were evidently home-made, unlike other people's, and suggested chiefly an absence of trimming. To have those bonnets marry into the family seemed more than could be endured!

Mr. Grenell departed as soon as he had launched his thunderbolt. His daughters were at first too much stunned to speak.

"Do you suppose it *can* be true?" gasped

Sophy, at last. "Did papa really mean it? Mrs. Bird? Marry Mrs. Bird? It's impossible!"

"It is my fault!" sobbed Amy, bursting into tears. "I've managed badly and made him uncomfortable. This is the way he takes to punish me. Oh, girls, can you ever forgive me?"

"Nonsense!" This was Margaret. "It's nothing of the sort. You've done as well as any one could do with such servants. It certainly is *n't* that. But then, what is it? Mrs. Bird is *n't* pretty."

"I should say not!" interjected Sophy, grimly. "She is *n't* young. She's old-fashioned, and grumpy, and common. She looks like a cook."

"Most cooks are much better dressed," put in Sophy.

"She has *n't* an idea beyond her farm and her kitchen. What can papa want to marry her for?"

"It's like a bad dream," moaned Amy. "What will Aunt Sophia say? How vexed she will be!"

Dear me, no! Aunt Sophia took the news placidly, as she took everything else.

"I've always heard that Mrs. Bird was a real smart woman," she remarked. "She'll make you very comfortable, I have no doubt; and you can learn all sorts of things from her, if you have a mind to. Now, dear girls, don't set yourselves against her in advance. Your father has a perfect right to marry to suit himself. Nobody could find fault with him for doing so. Try to like her, my dears, and start pleasantly from the first. It'll be much the best way for you all, in the long run; and it will be no manner of use for you children to fret and rage, and make a fuss. Mrs. Bird is a woman who has had her own way all her life, and she'll have it now, whatever you do."

Excellent advice, but cold comfort. The girls privately raged over it, but it had a certain influence; at least, they kept their dissatisfaction to themselves, and did not air it in public. Margaret, the most daring of the three, made one attempt to remonstrate with her father, but the reception she met with was not encouraging. Mr. Grenell, in a single terse sentence, asserted his right to do as he pleased without asking permission of his daughters, and issued an order

that they should all go at once to call on Mrs. Bird and be polite to her.

"You ought to have gone before," he added, "She's all ready to treat you well, if you treat her well. If will be your own fault if you don't get on with her." Then, relenting a little at Margaret's woe-begone face, he added more kindly: "Now, don't be foolish, Meg. Girls never like the idea of a stepmother, I know; but that's all nonsense. We shall be infinitely more comfortable under this arrangement. It'll give you more time to yourselves, and more time to — well, study — all sorts of things. You'll see I am right when you're used to the idea. Go at once to see her."

Poor girls! They had been putting off the call with a vague sense that something *must* happen to prevent the necessity of their going at all. That hope was over. After what papa had said there could be no further excuse. They must go.

It was a fine afternoon in October, and the whole world shone in the bravery of its new autumn dress, as they drove down the river road on their way to the "Nest" — for such was the romantic name of the Bird farm-house. The woods were bright with sudden reds and golds; every sumac-leaf and moosewood-bush was transfigured into splendor by the touch of last night's frost, the lesser trees being brightest in color, as is always the case. The sky and river were very blue; the water sang a merry song as it dashed over its rocky bed; it was a day to be happy in. But the three girls in the carryall, hiding their tear-stained faces behind their veils, had no heart to be happy. For them the beauty and the charm were in vain. They saw nothing, heard nothing; the only thing of which they were distinctly conscious was that two more turns of the road would bring into view the house of their future step-mother.

It was not at all an unpicturesque house when at last it came into sight, with its long range of low red-painted buildings, barns, woodsheds, granaries, all in excellent repair, and presided over by a tall water-wheel and two or three fine old elms. Their call came at a particularly unfortunate moment, had they but known it. Mrs. Bird was deep in soap-making, and soap, as

every housewife will tell you, is not a thing to be laid aside easily. They were shown into a terrible "best parlor," neat and exact to a degree, kept dark to discourage flies and save the carpet, with rows of mahogany and haircloth chairs set tight against the wall, a shiny table with nothing on it, a mantelpiece whereon "ambrotypes" and some empty flower-jars mounted guard over an air-tight stove below, and a smell of mice and cake-crumbs. That was all!

The girls had fully twenty minutes in which to study these effects, while Mrs. Bird put her soap aside and changed her calico gown for a mousseline-de-laine.

"Do you suppose this is the room papa sits in when he comes here?" asked naughty Margaret, in a whisper. "What a good time he must have!"

"I should think the very smell of it would scare him away for good," replied Amy, her dainty nose in the air. "Did you ever behold anything so dreary?"

The fact was that papa had never once seen this best room, which was kept for very select occasions. For every-day purposes Mrs. Bird used a much smaller room opening out of the kitchen, where she could keep an eye on the housework; and it was here that Squire Grenell had done his courting. It was not at all a disagreeable place. There was sunshine

there, and growing plants, and a little open-grate stove, and the newspaper. Mrs. Bird, in spite of her long nose, had a jolly way with her when she was not busy; she could talk over the public news and practical matters as straightforwardly



"THE BRIDE WALKED IN FROM THE CARRIAGE IN A MATTER-OF-COURSE MANNER."  
(SEE PAGE 867.)

as a man, and there was always something savory to eat and drink. Altogether, Cupid fared pretty well at the Nest. But the poor girls, sitting stiffly on the edge of the haircloth chairs, could not realize this.

At last the door opened and Mrs. Bird came

in. Her face was still red from the fire, and she was not woman of the world enough to conceal the fact that her mind was preoccupied with her soap, but she was perfectly civil and good-humored.

"It's very nice of you to come and see me," she said. "Your pa mentioned that you'd be along some day soon, but he did n't say which day it would be. I'm real glad to see you." Then she went to the door and called, "Mary, bring some ice-water and raspberry vinegar and some of that fresh sponge-cake. You'll be hungry after your drive," she added, coming back.

"Oh, no, indeed; don't put yourself to any trouble," protested Amy. "It's not at all a long drive, and we had dinner just before we came away."

"Pity's sake!—what time do you eat your dinner?"

"Half-past one generally, but when papa's in court it's earlier."

"I should think so. Twelve's our hour. Farm-folks could never be kept waiting till one. They have to get a lunch, as it is, to carry them through till twelve."

The sponge-cake and the raspberry vinegar, when they came, proved too good to be resisted. Mrs. Bird, with hospitable urgency, filled glasses and cut slices till the girls, to their own surprise, found themselves making quite a meal. Then a loaf of cake was wrapped up in paper because Sophy had praised it, and a bottle of raspberry vinegar because Margaret liked it, and they were taken into the garden, which sloped to the south, where some late flowers lingered still, and a great bunch of many-colored chrysanthemums was cut for Amy to carry home. So the call ended better than it began, but, for all that, the girls drew a long breath of relief as they drove away.

"Well, it's over!" said Margaret. "We need n't go again, need we? I think papa ought to be satisfied. But really—was n't she rather nice?"

"Y-es," responded Amy, grudgingly. "But dear, dear, *dear!* What are we going to do with her when she comes to live with us?"

"Or rather, what is she going to do with us?" put in the sagacious Sophy, with a smile.

And Mrs. Bird, as she whipped into her calico gown again, said to herself:

"Not bad girls, but they'll take a lot of breaking in. I wonder sometimes if I ain't a fool to undertake such a job at my time of life! But there, the squire's a real likely man; no one can deny it. He's worth it."

"You must come out again when I am not so busy!" she had called after the carriage. But when was Mrs. Bird not busy? The next time the girls went—for their father by no means let them off with a single visit—she was deep in filling sausages. The third visit found her in the middle of a huge baking. That was the pleasantest visit of the three, for Mrs. Bird was forced to receive them in the kitchen, a much cozier room than the best parlor, and warmer. There were on the table piles of crisp jumbles and fairy gingerbread, of which they were urged to partake, and such a maddening smell in the air as made it evident that the loaves in the oven were wedding-cake and nothing else. No other cake in the world could smell like that.

"This must be the last visit," Amy said, as they turned the horse's head toward home. "There can be no reason for coming again. The wedding is next Tuesday, and even papa must own that we have done our full duty by Mrs. Bird. But did you ever see a woman work as she does? I don't think she ever sits down. She seems always on the keen jump."

"She may jump as much as she likes and welcome," responded Margaret, "if only she won't jump on us. That's what I'm afraid of. She seems good-natured—"

"Trust no stepmother, however pleasant," hummed Sophy. "They're always nice in the fairy-tales till after the wedding. Of course, she won't begin to beat us till she has secured papa!"

"Well, there's one comfort," added Margaret; "she has n't any plain daughters of her own to send to balls in our clothes, while we turn the spit at home. That woe is spared us!"

"I should almost be glad of the plain daughters, if only their existence could bring about a ball in Boxet," sighed Amy. "This certainly is the most dead-alive place in the world."

The wedding-day came, and the wedding-

day went. The new Mrs. Grenell was, of course, married from her own house, which had been put into spotless order for the occasion from top to bottom. Even her critically disposed stepdaughters were forced to admire, and to own that the collation provided, all of which was home-made, was as delicious as it was plentiful.

"We shall have to work hard to make the Marsh look anything like this," Amy whispered to Sophy. "As for things to eat, I despair! Think of Ellen's biscuits and cake and of her awful hashes! These rolls are a dream—and the jelly, and the charlotte russe! As for butter—I give it up! What will Mrs. Bird say to ours? And I have n't the least notion where to go for better!"

"Just leave it to her," said Uncle Gage, who had overheard their remarks. "She'll know. Better leave everything to her. Your stepmother, Amy, is the cleverest woman in my parish. She could give points to most of the farmers in the country, and nearly all the business men. She's not used to being interfered with, and you'll find it is far the easiest and pleasantest way to leave everything to her."

Amy flushed and turned her head aside. She did not enjoy being advised by Uncle Gage.

"Now, Ithuriel," put in Aunt Sophia, "don't talk like that to Amy. She's really done wonderfully well for a girl of her age. It was hard on her to have me leave the house in her hands, and she not twenty; but she's done very well."

"Indeed she has," cried Sophy, emphatically. "We were never more comfortable in our lives than since Amy kept house." This was hardly true, but Sophy was an eager partizan and did not measure her words.

"Did you know that my grandson Green was coming to spend the winter with us?" asked Uncle Gage, hoping to make peace with Amy by the introduction of a pleasanter topic. He did n't quite know what his offense had been, but he liked peace.

"No, I did n't," replied Amy, indifferently. "What did you say his name was, Mr. Gage?"

"Green. He is a young lawyer just admitted to the bar, and a very fine fellow, they tell me. I hope you girls will like him."

"Green Gage—what a name!" said Margaret, after they had started for home. "I can't imagine a green gage being nice."

"Aunt Sophia will have to boil him down with sugar!" said Sophy. "Oh, girls, what a time we are going to have getting the house in order to meet the eye of Mrs. Bird!"

They did their best, but it was not possible in one short week to bring the big disorderly mansion, with its accumulations of years, up to the standard of the Nest. Pleasantness rather than perfection had to be the thing aimed at, and certainly the Marsh did look pleasant on the night when the newly married pair came home. The girls had taken great pains with the supper. There were muffins and rolls, cold chicken and oysters, poached eggs in a wreath of parsley, cake, over which Amy had spent infinite pains, and a glass dish of apple jelly. A jar of late chrysanthemums stood in the middle of the table, the fire burned brightly; altogether the effect was attractive, homelike, and cheerful.

The bride, wearing pinned round her shoulders the identical Paisley shawl at which Amy had always laughed, walked in from the carriage in a matter-of-course manner and no thought of embarrassment. She was not in the least an ill-natured woman, only direct and masterful. Mistress of whatever house she lived in she must be, but that right conceded, it would please her to have every one in the house content and happy. She praised the cake, and asked where Amy got her tea, which was "excellent," and she forebore to take out her handkerchief and flick from the mantelpiece the ashes sent into the air by a too vigorous fire-poking, though her fingers fairly itched to do it. So the first evening ended well.

But it was only the first evening. Next day the housewifely instinct asserted itself, and the new Mrs. Grenell fell to work, nor rested till the Marsh, from garret to cellar, was in a condition of apple-pie order. Little was said, but by the way in which the new mistress superintended the re-cleaning of the already-cleaned, the fresh polishing of the just-polished, her stepdaughters understood perfectly how low was her opinion of their housekeeping. Corners



never thought of in Aunt Sophia's day were sorted out and tidied. Not a drawer in the house escaped notice. Each in turn had a thorough scrubbing, and its contents were dusted and arranged.

"She's attacked even papa's tool-drawer!" announced Margaret, in a tone of awe. "All the tacks with points are put in one little box,—the points all turned the same way, I *think*,—and the tacks without points are sold for old iron, and the nails are sorted into separate boxes, big and little and in between. The tack-hammers and screw-drivers and gimlets are all rubbed with oil and pumice, and lie side by side, like the lion and the lamb in the millennium. And what do you think? She has found Aunt Sophia's seal-ring that was lost before she was married. It was among the tacks!"

"Dropped off, I suppose, when she was taking something out, and I don't believe any one has been at that drawer since."

"That's what Mrs. Bird said. She said the drawer looked as if it had 'set up as a rats' nest in the year one.' I told her that we had been meaning to have a grand general cleaning some day and put it in order, and she gave a sniffy laugh, and said nothing ever got cleaned on 'some days.'"

"She is *awfully* neat," remarked Sophy, "and I have a feeling in my bones that some day she'll get hold of us and make us neat, too. We shall be Birds of a feather before we are done with her. You'll see! Papa is the only privileged person. He throws his slippers on the floor just as he always did, and she picks them up meekly and puts them away."

"She makes everything in the house look so stiff," said Amy, petulantly. "We used to scold about Aunt Sophia being too easy, and all that, but I only wish we had her back again. What geese we were! I suppose Aunt Sophia was n't a particular housekeeper, but everything looked pleasant when she was here, and it looks horrid now, I think. I hate it!"

There were some grounds for this complaint. A "best parlor" was absolutely essential to Mrs. Grenell's happiness, and nothing at the Marsh seemed so well adapted for the purpose as the room where the family had been accustomed to sit. It was the largest of the three

rooms on the ground floor, and had the sunniest exposure. But now the sun did little good, for the blinds were kept closed all day. The shabby wall-paper, which had gradually mellowed from old gold to a pale apricot, was replaced by an uncompromising pattern in deep blue roses, the faded carpet by a spick-and-span Brussels in two shades of arsenic green. The cozy strew of books and papers had been done away with, the geraniums and the canary were sent up to the small north room on the opposite side of the hall, where neither fared as well, and no work-basket was suffered on the new cover of the sofa. Amy asserted that the same odor was beginning to creep over the room which she had always noticed in the best parlor at the Bird's Nest. And she was sure that her step-mother had brought the mice with her, as none were even known at the Marsh before she came.

"Girls," said Mrs. Grenell, about two months later, "I want to have a serious talk with you."

Three alarmed young faces turned toward her.

"Don't look so scared," she said, with a short laugh. "I'm not going to bite you. What I want to say is this. It's nearly three months that we've been living together, and I've been studying you. This is the conclusion I have come to. You're good girls enough, all of you, and smart girls, too. Sophy's the smartest, but you're all smart. There is nothing to prevent your all learning to be good managers and good housekeepers except one fact, which is that in all your lives you've never been taught to do one single thing as it ought to be done."

The girls stared at her, half surprised, half offended.

"There's a right way and a wrong way in everything," went on Mrs. Grenell. "The right way sometimes seems hardest, but it's easiest in the long run, because it does n't need to be done over again, as the wrong way does. Now, I don't know whether you care to learn. Perhaps you think it's of no consequence how things are done. If that's the case it's no use taking pains about you. But if any of you are thinking of getting married some day—to a young lawyer, say," her keen eye fixed on Sophy, "or a farmer, or a clergyman with a small salary, any one with more brains than money,—and

that's the sort to marry,—to know how to do things exactly right would be like money in your pocket. Think it over, and if you should decide that you want to learn I will teach you."

"There was no necessity, and you need n't get so red, Miss Sophy."

Green Gage had, in fact, arrived in Boxet some weeks before. He was working in Squire



"'JUST LISTEN TO THIS IDIOT,' SAID MRS. GRENELL, AND SHE READ FROM THE NEWSPAPER." (SEE PAGE 871.)

"What *do* you suppose she meant by saying that about Green Gage?" whispered Margaret.

"She did n't say Green Gage, she only said a young lawyer," retorted Sophy, with an angry blush. "She did not mention any names."

Grenell's office, and was a great deal at the Marsh—a tall, manly young fellow, well set up, with a nice face and honest blue eyes. Somehow he always seemed to sit next to Sophy. Mrs. Grenell's sharp eye had noted this fact.

"I don't think that Mrs. Bird's offer 's a bad one," went on Margaret. "She 's over-particular, no doubt, and she has n't the faintest notion how to make a house look pleasant, but so far as details go she 's the best housekeeper I know. I think I shall go to school to her and learn how to do things."

"So shall I," said Sophy.

"With a view to the future Green-Gagery, I suppose," remarked Amy, scornfully. "I 'm not going to be taught by Mrs. Bird, I assure you. She thinks she knows everything, but I know something myself. I have had experience, too, and you will be sorry if you do; that I can tell you. Give her an inch and she 'll take an ell, as you will see."

"She 's welcome to any ells she can get out of me," said Margaret. "I 'm going to learn. There 's no knowing what fate may have in store for me—if not a green gage, at least a gooseberry, or a Bartlett pear. I intend to be ready."

She and Sophy were as good as their word. They put themselves to school with their stepmother, who certainly took no pains to make her lessons easy to them.

Was it bread they attempted, or cake, or soup, or puddings? Trial after trial was exacted until the articles turned out absolutely perfect. Then they were made to repeat the lesson again and again until they had it at their fingers' ends, and certainty was assured. Was it the cleaning of a room? That room had at least three cleanings while Sophy and Margaret learned just how to do it. The silver grew thin with the extra polishing it received; the glass and china were washed and re-washed. But when the exacting task-mistress conceded that her pupils knew a thing, they knew it for life; there was no further uncertainty or forgetting. Best of all, they learned the reasons which underlie all household laws and make them of value.

Amy, meanwhile, had no share in this practical education. It was her own choice, but no one likes to be left out of anything. She was dissatisfied with her lot, and began to wish she could escape from it.

"If I had any way of making money," she said to herself, "I would go away and live somewhere else, in a place different from this,

and much more interesting." She thought, as many young girls think, that it might be possible to earn an income by writing poetry for the newspapers. Versifying had always been easy for her, and she tried her hand at various sonnets and "occasional poems" which she sent to the Boxet "Chronicle." Several of them were published, but when Amy found that the "Chronicle" never paid anything for poetry, the hope of getting a living that way died discouraged.

This attempt, however, had one consequence on which she had never reckoned. Her visits to the "Chronicle" office made her acquainted with the junior editor, a pleasant young fellow with a kind heart. He was sorry for the pretty Miss Grenell and her disappointments, and persuaded his senior to give her a little work on the paper. It was the preparation of a daily "Menu"—a bill of fare for breakfast, dinner, and supper. Some city papers had started the fashion, and, of course, all the country papers wanted to copy it.

Now this was an idea which, well managed, might have been of real use. Had an experienced housekeeper undertaken it, keeping a careful eye on prices, and what was in season and what not, and fitting yesterday's left-overs into to-day's needs, many people might have profited by her hints. But Amy was not an experienced housekeeper, and she hated trouble, though she was pleased to make four dollars a week, which was the sum agreed upon by the "Chronicle." She made no attempt to study prices or possibilities, but just took a receipt-book and from it arranged a series of repasts which speedily became the derision of all who read them.

Each was headed by a quotation in prose or verse supposed to be appropriate, and perhaps to aid the housewife in the composition of her meals!

They ran something like this one—which Amy had the pleasure of hearing her stepmother read aloud one snowy morning in March. She had felt unusually bored with her task the day before, and had set things down at hazard out of a receipt-book, anxious only to send something to fill the required space, and paying almost no attention as to what they were about.

"Just listen to this idiot," said Mrs. Grenell, and she read:

"March 30.

MENU.

'And deep into the dying day  
The happy princess followed him.'

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

"Now what on earth has the happy princess to do with this absurd food—unless, indeed, she ate it! But in that case she'd be an unhappy princess, I should say.

BREAKFAST.

Honey and Cream.

Tea. Coffee.

Boiled Milk.

Oranges. Plum-jam.

Breakfast Bacon.

Lamb Chops. Omelet. Creamed Potatoes.

Water-cress.

Waffles. Maple Syrup.

Strawberries and Cream.

"Three solids and three kinds of fruit! And where are you going to get strawberries in March, or water-cress, either, I should like to know?" demanded Mrs. Grenell. "Hum! Pretty expensive breakfast! The goose who writes these bills is crazy about water-cress. He has it three times a day.

DINNER.

Lobster Bisque.

"Where is he going to get his lobster? and what's bisque, anyway?

Fresh Shad, Broiled.

"Shad, indeed! There won't be any for six weeks to come.

Minced Turkey.

"Now, where is he going to get the turkey? There has n't been a turkey for more than a week. Yes,—” Mrs. Grenell rapidly turned over some newspaper cuttings,—“not since February 19. I cut them out because it seemed to me that we were always being told to have hashed this and cold that when there was nothing that went before to make them out of, and you see—

Mashed Potato. Creamed Onions Succotash.

"Succotash! Canned, I suppose. How stupid!

Cabbage Salad.

Water-cress.

Cherry-pie.

Sliced Peaches and Cream.

"I should just like to ask," observed Mrs. Grenell, "where he's going to get sliced peaches at this time of year, or cherries for his pies, either? I suppose in the same place where he gets dandelions for salad, which I see set down for supper, together with chipped beef and raised muffins and 'Quenelles à la Revolution,' whatever that may be, and prune jelly, and loaf-cake. Well, that's a day's feeding, indeed! There ought to be a course of physic to wind up with."

Amy sat with tingling cheeks, listening to these comments. Had she really been so absurd? Why, oh, why had she not taken more pains? Did everybody think the menus so ridiculous? How lucky that no one knew that she wrote them!

It was for the improvement of these unhappy bills of fare that about this time she made some timid overtures toward joining the housekeeping class. Her stepmother responded in her usual downright way, took the new pupil in without remark, and treated her exactly as she had treated the others. Amy worked harder than she had ever worked before in her life, but she learned fast. The time came when Mrs. Grenell was proud of her scholars.

"You know a good deal more now than I did at your age," she said, one day. "It would have been an awful assistance if some one had taken me in hand and learned me such things when I was younger. But no one did. I had to pick it up by the hardest. Your ma was the only person that ever gave me a hint. She helped me a lot."

"Mama!" cried the girls, astonished.

"Yes. I always meant to tell you some day. It was n't for my own pleasure that I offered to teach you. Generally speaking, it's easier to do things one's self than to show a raw hand how to do them. But I felt a kind of responsibility for you, and I wanted to do my duty." Her keen face softened as she spoke. "And I was glad to have the chance to help along your mother's daughters a little bit. Your ma was married before I come to the farm," she went

on, after a pause. "I was a raw sort of girl, and she was the prettiest woman in the place, and the most respected. She just went out of her way to lend a helping hand to me. I needed it, too, and I never forgot it; and when your pa asked me to marry him, one thing in my mind was that perhaps there 'd be something I could do for you girls." Her voice shook a little as she ended, and she moved away.

"Oh, don't go!" cried Margaret. "Did you really know mama? None of us remember her. How did she look? Do tell us."

She had got hold of her stepmother's hand and was holding it tight.

"She looked almost exactly like Amy," said Mrs. Grenell. "Her hair grew the same way, and she had the same eyes, and the little dimple low down in the chin. I always watch when Amy smiles because it reminds me of her. She was real pretty, I can tell you. But you and Sophy are like her, too."

"How dear of you to tell us! Was mama as tall as Amy?"

"Pretty nigh, I think. Her hands were exactly like yours."

"Were they?" spreading out her fingers. "I am glad I have something like her. Go on; tell us some more."

"I don't believe there 's any more to tell. She died the year after I came to Boxet. But she was n't one ever to forget."

"But, Mrs. Bird —"

"Bird ain't my name!"

"Oh, I beg your pardon!" cried Amy, flushing hotly. "Indeed, I never meant to say it. It just slipped out of my mouth. You know, that was the name we always knew you by till just now."

"I know," said Mrs. Grenell, mollified. "'T ain't easy to change a name. You don't want to call me mother, and I don't blame you; and Mrs. Grenell does n't work in for every day. I don't know what you 'll do."

"I know," cried Sophy, boldly. "We 'll call you 'aunty.' Then we shall have an aunt and an aunty. Shall we? Would you like it?"

"I guess it 'll do as well as anything else," said Mrs. Grenell, marching away as she spoke. In her heart she was extremely pleased.

She had never had a daughter or a niece, and the instinct for mothering young things asserted itself strongly, now the chance came. From that day life went better for all at Marsh Hollow. Nothing makes a decided person so gentle as the sense of being liked. Mrs. Grenell had seldom had that pleasure in her life before. She had been respected, obeyed, a little feared — but never exactly liked. To have Sophy run in to kiss her good night, or Margaret set her cap straight, abuse her bonnets, take liberties, and laugh at her as a daughter may, was a new experience and an absolute enjoyment. She took pleasure in pleasing them in return. Little by little her rigid rule relaxed. The house grew pleasanter, the family more at ease; by the end of a couple of years the Marsh had become a real home.

By that time other changes had come to the family. Amy was married to the young editor of the "Chronicle." It was the revelation of her extraordinary abilities as a housekeeper which won his affections, he declared; but Amy always winced at this little joke. The menus were still a deep mortification to her.

"And you are actually going to become a Green Gage?" she said, one day, to Sophy, who had walked over with a piece of news which every one had been expecting for months. "Well, what 's in a name?"

"There 's a great deal in a name, Shakspeare to the contrary notwithstanding! Do you want to know what Green 's real name is? Horatio Greenough! Think of that! From this day forward he is going to be called by it. Greenough Gage is a most superior name, I think, and Mrs. Greenough Gage just as good. Any one who calls him 'Green' after this will reckon with me. Oh, Amy! I mean to be *such* a good housekeeper."

"So do I."

"Neither of us would have the least chance of being that if it had n't been for Mrs. Bird — aunty, I mean. How we scolded when she came into the family, and what a blessing in disguise she has turned out! But I think we owe something to Aunt Sophia, too. We learned from her how pleasant a house can be which is not particularly tidy; and then aunty came along and showed us how to make a house



exquisitely clean without its being at all unpleasant. I mean to combine the two receipts, and I hope I shall produce a most delightful result."

"You made these discoveries since you discovered that Green's name is Greenough, I suppose. Now, Sophy, here is your cup of tea.

What would Mrs. Bird have said to tea in the afternoon when she first came to us? Let us drink to the health of our two instructors: the one who taught us not to do, and the one who showed us how to do."

"Aunt and Aunt! Three cheers!" said Sophy, with the heartiest good will.

## HIS ANSWER.

BY PENRHYN STANLAWS.



I WAS walking by the sea-shore,  
Where the breaking billows' crest  
Makes one wish that he was in 'em,  
Minus coat and minus vest.

And I saw an ancient seaman,  
Sitting quiet as could be,  
Watching clouds from his tobacco  
Drifting lazily to sea.

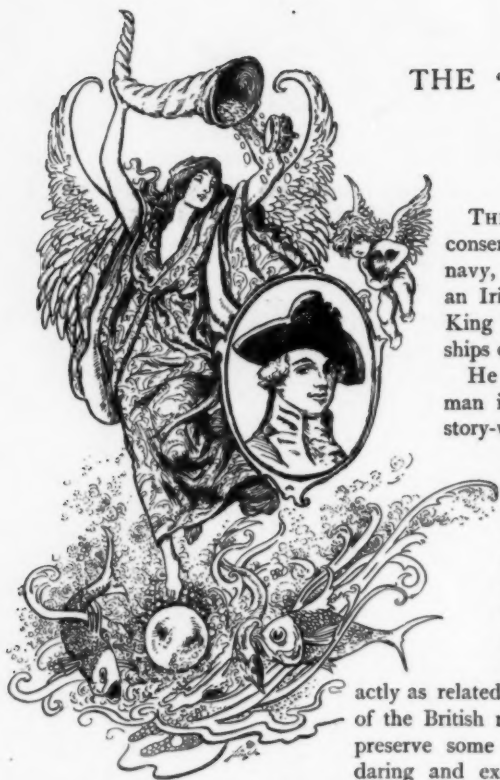
And I watched this ancient sailor,  
And 'twas in my heart to grieve,

VOL. XXVII.—110.

When I heard a chortling chuckle—  
Heard him laughing in his sleeve.

So I said, "Oh, ancient seaman,  
With your pardon and your leave,  
Would it trouble you to tell me  
Why you laugh so in your sleeve?"

He replied, "With all my heart, sir,  
The true reason I 'll declare;  
I 'm a-laughing in my sleeve, sir,  
'Cause my funny-bone is there!"



## THE "LUCKY LIEUTENANT."

BY REGINALD GOURLAY.

THIS sobriquet was applied, by the universal consent of his shipmates, and indeed of the whole navy, to the Hon. John O'Brien, younger son of an Irish peer, who served his Britannic Majesty King George III. in various frigates and other ships of war about the middle of the last century.

He was sometimes called also "the luckiest man in the navy." And with reason; for if a story-writer were to relate in any work of fiction

such a string of extraordinary adventures and hairbreadth escapes as those which in cold fact were experienced by this young officer, his tale would be pronounced too far-fetched and absurdly improbable, even for fiction itself. I cannot, therefore, state too strongly that the adventures and escapes that I shall relate of this young man are all authentic, that they happened ex-

actly as related, and that they are proved by the records of the British navy. I have (besides the natural desire to preserve some record of the strange good fortune of a daring and excellent young officer) another motive in

writing this account of them; viz., that one of the most astonishing of the hero's escapes occurred during the still more astonishing action between the "King George"—privateer frigate, Captain Walker—and the Spanish line-of-battle ship "Glorioso," seventy-four guns—this being the only instance on record where a frigate of any nation has voluntarily placed herself, in smooth water and fine weather, alongside an enemy's ship of the line, and has given her enough of it. And that this frigate should be a privateer makes the affair still more remarkable.

There are none of the old line-of-battle ships or frigates now; but the modern reader will understand what Captain Walker's feat was when I say that it was pretty much the same as if a second-class protected cruiser was to run alongside the "Oregon" or "Massachusetts," and engage one of these battle-ships at close quarters.

But already, before his almost miraculous escape (which I will relate in its proper place) during this well-fought and, in its way, unequaled action, the luck of John O'Brien had become a proverb in the British navy. His first accident was on the coast of India, where his ship was wrecked with the loss of all hands except himself and four sailors. He next embarked in a vessel to return to England, but was cast away near the Cape of Good Hope,

where *he alone* of the ship's crew contrived to get safely to shore. "This makes him *one* out of a total of *five* people saved in two shipwrecks," as a naval historian puts it. But what follows is still more astonishing. At the Cape, the Dutch governor, finding him to be a person of quality, supplied him with every necessary for continuing his voyage, and provided him with a cabin in one of the Dutch homeward-bound East-Indiamen. Just as O'Brien's luggage was being put on board, a Dutch governor of some of the eastern settlements in India, who was going back to Europe in the same ship, having a large family and suite with him, found himself straitened for room. So he applied to the governor of the Cape, and told him "that he would esteem it a particular favor if the other passengers could be prevailed upon to quit the ship, and leave it entirely to his family and suite." O'Brien was offered accommodation on board another ship that was to sail on the same day, and, with true Irish politeness, complied "with all the pleasure in life." Within twenty-four hours after putting to sea, he saw with his own eyes the ship he had just quitted founder in a gale of wind, taking with her every soul on board!

We come now to the account of the celebrated voyage of Captain—or, rather, Commodore—Walker, and his remarkable action with the seventy-four-gun ship *Glorioso*, during which our young hero had another opportunity of showing how remarkably he was favored by fortune. It should be said first that O'Brien did not sail with Walker, who was a privateer of great renown in those days, whereas O'Brien was a king's officer.

The ship "*Dartmouth*," of which O'Brien was second lieutenant, got into the *mêlée* by the purest accident, while the *Glorioso* was trying to escape. Her dreadful and sudden end was the result of unforeseen and unpreventable misfortune, and the preservation of O'Brien the most extraordinary chance of all. In fact, the whole career of the gallant Irish sailor is one succession of perils and escapes which no human foresight could have expected. The "blind goddess Chance" had surely taken a fancy to brave Lieutenant O'Brien. The action with the *Glorioso* was brought about as follows:

In 1746 the famous privateer, Captain George Walker, sailed from Bristol in search of prize-money, with a squadron commonly known as the "Royal Family," composed of the ships *King George*, "*Prince Frederick*," "*Duke*," and "*Princess Amelia*." They carried all together one hundred and twenty-two guns, and nine hundred and seventy men. To give the reader an idea of what privateering was in those days, I shall just note that, in eight months from the day they sailed, these ships put into Lisbon, having made prizes to the amount of two hundred and twenty thousand pounds, without the loss of a man. Here Walker first heard of the *Glorioso*. She was a Spanish seventy-four-gun ship, with seven hundred and eighty men, who had sailed from the Spanish Main for Spain, with treasure in her hold amounting, it is said, to three million pounds. She was also the best-commanded and best-manned ship the Spaniards ever owned, and had already beaten off two small English ships of war, the "*Lark*" and the "*Warwick*." Then she had put into Ferrol, and unfortunately landed her treasure.

Thence she sailed for Cadiz, when Walker sighted and chased her. He had but two ships of his squadron available—his own ship, the *King George*, and the *Prince Frederick*. The chase lasted till noon, when the *King George* came up to her. When she did so, it fell a dead calm, and the two ships lay within gunshot of each other, the *Prince Frederick* being far away to the southward. Lying thus (as Cassel relates), "the Spaniard hoisted her colors, and ran out her lower tier, thus showing that she was a seventy-four-gun ship." Why on earth she did not take the opportunity of firing on the *King George* and sinking her, as in that calm sea she could have done, it is impossible to guess. However, she threw away her chance, and at five o'clock, a light breeze springing up, she headed for Cadiz. Then Walker performed the heroic deed that has made his name famous. With his consort far astern, by eight o'clock, in brilliant moonlight, he ranged alongside the *Glorioso* and hailed her.

The big line-of-battle ship replied with a whole broadside, dismounting two of the *King George's* guns, and bringing down her main-topsail-yard. Walker's men, who had been

lying down at their quarters expecting this, suffered little loss, and now, jumping to their feet, "returned the compliment before the Spanish guns had well ceased to roar." "Thus," says Professor Laughton, in his "Studies of Naval History," "began a battle that has absolutely no parallel in naval history." There are many cases of a frigate hanging on to a line-of-battle ship, and detaining her till some heavier ship came up and finished her; but this was the first and last time that a frigate of any nation voluntarily placed herself, in smooth water and fine weather, alongside a ship of the line, and engaged her, yard-arm to yard-arm.

As may be supposed, after sustaining this unequal contest for *three hours* the little King George was in a bad way. Her foremast was down, her mainmast wounded, her maintopsail-yard shot away, her hull riddled with shot, her sails like lace, and most of her running rigging cut away, when at last the Prince Frederick came up. At her coming the Glorioso took to her heels; and Walker found his ship too badly shattered to allow his consort to pursue *then*. But his loss in men was small, and finding, when the morning broke, that the condition of his ship was not altogether desperate, and the Duke having come out of Lagoa Bay to his support, he sent her with the Prince Frederick in pursuit, and himself followed slowly with the battered King George. Walker soon met a big ship, the English man-of-war "Russell," and told her captain the situation. Her captain, thanking him for the news, crowded all sail in pursuit of the Spaniard. The Russell, however, was unfortunately but a poor sailer.

But just then Walker, through his telescope, saw the flying enemy hotly engaged with a ship much smaller than herself. This he took for the Prince Frederick, though the distance was too great to be sure. The firing, however, was so fierce and rapid that Walker cried out: "That fellow Dottin"—the Prince Frederick's captain—"will fire away all his cartridges, and have to load with loose powder, and likely enough some fatal accident will happen." He had scarcely spoken when a vast livid bar of fire shot far into the sky from the English ship, followed by a dense, billowy cloud of smoke that spread slowly out far over the sea.

"Great heavens!" Walker cried out. "It has happened! She's gone, and poor Dottin and all his brave fellows with her!"

The lost ship was not the Prince Frederick, however, but the British corvette Dartmouth, with our young friend the Hon. John O'Brien on board her as second lieutenant. It so happened, by a side current in this strange tide of events, that this ship, the Dartmouth, cruising near, had heard guns the night before, had steered for the sound, and fallen in with the flying Glorioso, whom she instantly engaged.

It was a running fight, which grew warmer and warmer till, by some means which will never be known, fire reached the Dartmouth's magazine, and she blew up. The Duke and Prince Frederick, then coming up, lowered boats. But of all the Dartmouth's crew of three hundred men, only fourteen were picked up.

Among the saved was John O'Brien, the "lucky lieutenant." He was picked up insensible on the top of a floating gun-carriage. He had been blown through a port, and his clothes, of course, were all in tatters, torn and burned. But even the awful experience he had just been through seemed insufficient to subdue his undaunted spirit; for as soon as he came to himself, and was introduced to the captain of the Duke, he said with great gravity:

"Sir, you must excuse the unfitness of my dress to come on board a strange ship, but really I left my own in such a hurry, I had no time to put on better."

This incident, which reads like the creation of some story-teller's brain, is literally and exactly true. Meanwhile, the Russell at last got alongside the Glorioso, and after an action which the gallant Spaniard, in spite of all the mauling she had received, maintained with great spirit for nearly five hours, took her. No Spanish ship was ever so well fought before or again as the Glorioso. The fury of the English, however (men-of-war's-men and privateers alike, who would have, by the then rules, shared evenly in captured treasure), when they found that the Glorioso had landed her three millions of treasure at Ferrol, and that they had all their hard fighting for nothing in prize-money, may be imagined. One of Walker's owners even

attacked him furiously for venturing their ship against a man-of-war. Walker's reply silenced him. He said:

"Had the treasure been aboard, as I ex-

Amazon was sailing along, about nine o'clock one evening, before a brisk breeze and a strong "following sea," a marine named Morris fell overboard off the poop. O'Brien, who was



"THE BULLET PASSED THROUGH O'BRIEN'S HAIR, AND HE FELL INSENSIBLE." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

pected, your compliment had been otherwise; or had I let her escape with that treasure on board, what would you have said?"

On his arrival at the West Indies, whither he was now ordered, O'Brien was appointed first lieutenant on the "Amazon" frigate. Immediately after his joining her, she was sent out to look for the relieving squadron of four frigates which was expected to join the English ships cruising off the French island of Guadeloupe in an attack on that important place. As the

close to him, was the only one that saw him go; and knowing the man could not swim, with characteristic courage and impetuosity, first heaved a grating over the side, and then instantly followed it himself, raising the cry of "A man overboard!" as he did so.

He succeeded in catching Morris, and in helping him to the grating, to which he also clung; and then the blackness of the tropic night instantly swallowed them up.

O'Brien said afterward that when he realized



the position his impulsive act had brought him into,—knowing it was almost impossible that the frigate, in that dark night and ugly sea, would ever be able to pick them up,—he felt that "there was about one chance in a hundred of their ever being saved." In fact, the frigate could not be stopped till she was at least four miles from where O'Brien jumped over; and though her boats searched for hours (for O'Brien was a great favorite with his ship's company), they had to give it up at last. Nevertheless, O'Brien's luck began to show what it could do almost immediately. To begin with, the wind suddenly went down, and, of course, the sea with it. Otherwise they must have been washed off their grating long before morning. Then, when at last morning did come, and the swift tropic sunrise began to drink up the morning mists, O'Brien suddenly uttered a great shout, and clapping his companion on the shoulder, pointed to a large, dim shape looming through the fog not a hundred yards away. It was the "Calliope," flagship of the squadron for which the Amazon had gone out to search. O'Brien's luck had drifted him into the very midst of the relieving squadron! In ten minutes both men were safe on board her. The "one chance of safety in a hundred" had fallen to the lucky lieutenant.

The lieutenant went in the Calliope to Guadeloupe, and he led one of the storming parties which attacked the strong battery—or rather, fort—at the mouth of the harbor, where the British were thrice driven back before they carried the place. Here O'Brien had an even narrower escape than usual. At the second attack, he had led his men gallantly up to the breach, where they became engaged, hand to hand, with equally resolute Frenchmen.

Here a French grenadier, "bent on mischief," as O'Brien expressed it, put a musket within a foot of his head, and fired. Morris, *the marine O'Brien had saved*, saw this just in time to strike up the Frenchman's musket—the bayonet on it making a long score or cut from between O'Brien's eyebrows to the top of his scalp. The bullet passed through his hair, and O'Brien fell insensible.

In a short time the overwhelming numbers and fire of the French proved too much

for the handful of English sailors, and they had to retreat. But before Morris left O'Brien, who was lying in the narrow passage of the breach, he and another marine did what saved his life a second time; that is, they drew him as near the side of the pass as possible, and placed several muskets over him, resting them against the rocks, so that they would not press on or even touch O'Brien's body.

When the reinforced storming parties again rushed up the breach, they stepped on the muskets and not on O'Brien's ribs; so, instead of being trampled to death, he recovered in time to stagger after the attacking party into the fort.

After this O'Brien went on leave to England, feeling, doubtless, that he required a little rest. While there he acquired a wife in quite as eccentric and unusual a manner as that which characterized his more warlike feats. It seems there had been a strong youthful attachment between a great English heiress—an orphan, and the young officer, whose suit, however, had been decisively rejected by the lady's guardians. On reaching a certain town in the north of England, near where the lady resided, O'Brien was astonished to recognize the object of his former attachment in a lady who, accompanied by a crusty-looking old gentleman,—this was one of her guardians,—drove up in a post-chaise to the inn where he was staying.

He managed to obtain a ten minutes' interview with the lady, the result of which was that "on that very evening the pair set out in the guardian's post-chaise for Gretna Green in Scotland, where in those days hundreds of runaway matches were celebrated." They reached it safely and were married. This episode can hardly be called an "escape" for the lucky lieutenant; nevertheless by it he acquired not only a fortune of five hundred thousand pounds sterling, but, what was much better, an attached and estimable wife.

He went to sea once more, after his marriage, as captain of the "Aurora" frigate, when he fought off Brest an extraordinary action with *three* French frigates, in which engagement his remarkable lucky star shone out more brightly than ever.

This action was fought with a heavy sea run-

ning and a strong wind blowing, which increased into a gale as the action proceeded. It was, moreover, fought close on what was virtually a "dead lee-shore." One of his opponents escaped into Brest harbor. Another was forced on shore,—struck on the terrible Grand Stevenet Rock,—and went down with every soul on board.

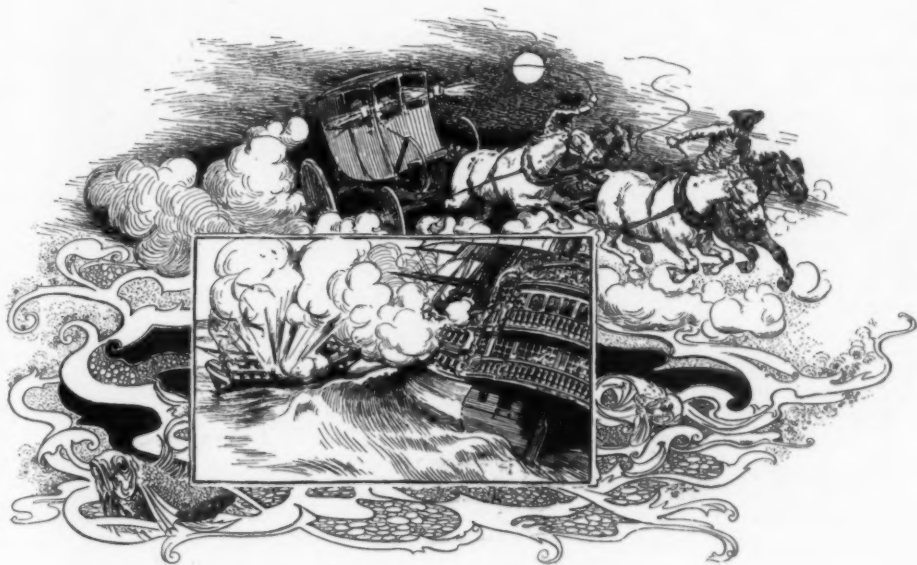
O'Brien's own ship, the *Aurora*, just managed to weather the same rock by about fifty yards,—"the sea," says O'Brien in his despatch, "being white at one time all around her,"—and beat out to sea after the other French frigate. She came up with her next morning, and—again to use O'Brien's lively words—"took her easy!"

O'Brien then returned to England, to find that he had been gazetted a post-captain for

his bravery, and also that the four relatives that stood between him and an Irish peerage had all died in about four months. Two of them were younger than himself. This great change in his prospects, and the solicitations of his young wife, caused O'Brien to leave the navy; and the lucky lieutenant settled down to a long, prosperous, and—as far as we know—happy life ashore.

Judging from the courage, promise, and good fortune of his early career, England probably lost a distinguished admiral in this brilliant young Irish peer.

Every one of these remarkable adventures and escapes related in this short story of his life is well authenticated; and the reader can judge, after reading them, whether he did not deserve his nickname of the "lucky lieutenant."



## MY POND.

BY ERIC PARKER.

In the pond I call my own  
All the sides are made of stone;  
And there the gardener grows his plots,  
White and blue forget-me-nots.

In the summer I can sit  
On the pleasant bank of it,  
And watch the breathing fishes go  
Over all the floor below.

I should so much like to see  
What the fish do after tea;  
But nurse says that it 's getting late—  
That 's because I 'm only eight.

For when the dew is all about,  
And the zigzag bats come out,  
And every fish puts up its head,  
Then—I have to go to bed.

Then, I think, moon fairies fly  
Through the silent summer sky,  
And the fairy queen afar  
Is riding in a fairy car.

There, I know, she moves in white  
Through the black-and-silver night,  
And scatters with a starry wand  
Ripples on my little pond.

## CONFLICTING ADVICE.

BY AMOS R. WELLS.

"A son," said Papa Lion, his better half  
addressing,

"Though strange appear the statement, is not  
an unmixed blessing.

For here Prince Leo 's growing up and ex-  
pects to rule this nation,

And—think of it!—he has n't yet the sign  
of an education.

And the Prince, declares Sir Beaver, should at  
once be taught to build,

And in catching mice, says Doctor Owl, should  
be by this time skilled;

The Poet Laureate Nightingale would have  
him learn to sing,

And Chancellor Hawk would have him taught  
to cut the pigeon wing.

Marquis Peacock thinks his manners are most  
fearfully uncouth;

Lawyer Fox opines that shrewdness is much  
lacking in the youth.

Young Viscount Monkey is inclined to teach  
the art gymnastic,

And Professor Parrot would instruct in lan-  
guages scholastic."

"Fine critics all!" replied the Queen. "They'd  
teach our budding scion—

But have n't they forgotten that Prince Leo is  
a Lion?"



THE "Stella di Mare," gay with flags, stood upon the ways Mario had constructed in imitation of the shipyard, and Mario, hammer in hand, stood ready to strike away the blocks. Dorothy, with a bottle of lemonade (some one had told her water was unlucky), was near, and Rob danced about, too excited to stand still. All three children were barefooted, prepared to follow the Stella into the sea. The blue

Mediterranean danced, too, and on the horizon a troop of real feluccas scudded.

The Stella di Mare was a felucca also; she stood as high as Dorothy, and was painted blue, with a golden star above her name.

"Because," said Mario, "blue is the Madonna's color, and we call her the real 'Star of the Sea.'"

Rob looked sober, then brightened. "It 's

the color of the sky, too," he said, "and the stars are in the sky."

She flew two flags, the Stars and Stripes at her mast, and the Italian tricolor at her bow, out of compliment to her maker, Mario, and her owner, Rob.

"*Pronto!*" cried Mario, lifting his hammer.

"Ready!" echoed Rob, and Mario struck the block.

"Stella di Mare, I name you," shouted Dorothy, breaking the tiny bottle on the vessel's bow. "Be brave and fortunate!"—for some one had told her this was the proper thing to say. And the Stella glided swiftly down into the water, where she stood dancing gaily in her ribbons.

"Hurrah!" shouted Rob and Dorothy, plunging in.

"*Evviva!*" cried Mario, with a second splash. And the rest of the day the Star of the Sea cruised, while Rob learned to set and swing and furl the strange winged sail which for centuries has flown over this sea of tempests and light.

At sunset, when the big boats came in, they brought in the toy felucca—little dreaming that never again would her bright flags fly above the Mediterranean. Dorothy was allowed as a great favor to carry the Stella homeward; Rob and Mario walked behind, feasting their eyes upon it, and yet a little melancholy, for the real Stella di Mare was to sail at midnight for the fishing-fields, and might be absent for days.

"But I shall not sail the Stella again until you come back," declared Rob, with tremendous magnanimity.

Mario's big dark eyes lightened with pleasure, but he said:

"*Caro Roberto* [dear Robert], you must sail her every day."

"No," insisted Rob, stoutly; "I shall wait till the big Stella comes in, and every night at sunset we shall be at the *molo* [quay], watching."

Thus they parted; only in the distance Mario turned to wave his biretta, and the children waved the Stella back to him.

The next morning was bright and gay. From the beach the children could see far out on the horizon the white wings of the fleet. Late that

afternoon they all vanished. At sunset Rob and Dorothy walked on the molo—the long quay to which the fisher-boats came. The sun went down in a great mass of coppery clouds, but shone on not one sail save Giacomo's, who was an old man, and so prudent that he was called *Il Pauroso*—the fearful one. There had not been good fishing, he reported, and the fleet had pushed on toward Leghorn; but he had turned back—he did n't like the smell of the air.

Every one laughed. It was a beautiful evening, but for that one mass of cloud, and one bright star trembled above the water.

"Perhaps it shines on the Stella di Mare," said Dorothy to Rob.

"The Stella di Mare has pushed southward, little signorina," said Giacomo; "but the star shines on her just the same. It will not shine long, however."

In fact, when the children woke the next morning it was to a tempest of rain and lightning.

"Oh, the Stella is sure to come in to-day," cried Dorothy, clapping her hands.

Her father did not answer. He knew that the greater part of the fleet had come in overnight, but the Stella was not of the number.

All that day it rained and blew furiously. The children from the window watched the flying water breaking over the long molo. In the course of the day three or four boats came in. Each time a tall sloping mast broke the curtain of rain and passed up the canal, drawn by a score of willing hands of anxious watchers, the children exclaimed hopefully: "This must be the Stella!" The last to come in was Andrea, Mario's uncle. Rob and his father went down to see him.

The tempest had struck them so quickly, he said, that they were scattered and driven apart. Those farthest out suffered most. The Stella was the farthest out of all. She might be another twenty-four hours. They might think it wiser to ride it out than to run against such weather. No fear but she was safe enough, he added, glancing at Rob's white face.

But the twenty-four hours passed, and no Stella di Mare.

"*Chè, chè,*" said Andrea, roughly, "she is



making up her catch. A boat as good as new — what should have happened to her?"

Then it was: "She has been driven afar on one of the islands. That has happened before now. In a week she will be back." Or: "She was disabled, and has put into Leghorn for repairs."

And then — they said nothing more.

Days went by, and on one of them three women in rusty black gowns appeared at the sail-making place and asked for work. Then everybody knew how it was, and the next Sunday there was a memorial service in the little church.

Such catastrophes befell yearly, and "Our dead," said these humble folk, reverently, "are safe with God; they will not be hungry any more."

Only Giulia, Mario's widowed mother, could not believe the sea had taken her boy, but went nightly to the molo to look for his return. So did Rob.

"I promised," he insisted, when his parents gently pointed out the uselessness. "I promised."

But the weeks went by, and no Stella di Mare ever sailed out of the sunset to reward their watching eyes. And at last the little Stella, which had stood all this time idle, with drooping pennants, was unrigged and packed and borne away to London, and every one thought her first voyage had been her last. But it was not to be so. She was to make one more — and a memorable — voyage.

The first thing any child would turn longingly to in London (especially after out-of-doors Italy) is her miles of parks, with their rivers, ponds, and noble elms; and Rob and Dorothy in their very first outing stumbled at once upon the Round Pond in Kensington Gardens, and stood rooted to its margin, fascinated by the spectacle it presented.

Innumerable toy boats were scudding over its surface in all directions — from the rudest little finger-long canoe to stately sloops as tall as the grown-up men who sailed them; and a throng of excited owners ran about the pond, with long poles to draw in the boats. Sometimes these went swiftly across, leaving a rip-

pling wake; sometimes they tacked and turned with the eddies of air, and were hours before they came to port; sometimes there were collisions, and now and then a shipwreck of some small craft overtaken by a racer. Among the eager proprietors, the children discovered a boy from their own hotel, to the fortunes of whose boat they attached themselves, and for the next two hours ran gaily back and forth, launching the "Britannia" from many ports.

"I say," remarked Tom, breathlessly, as the three trudged home, "you ought to have a boat yourself."

"I have," answered Rob, and then fell into silence.

"Mama," he said slowly, that evening, after a long pause, "do you think Mario would feel badly if I did sail her here? It is n't the Mediterranean."

"I think Mario would much rather you *should* sail her," replied his mother. And within ten minutes Rob was hard at work rigging the Stella, with the assistance of Tom, who pronounced her the "jolliest boat he ever saw."

When the two boys started for the gardens, the next afternoon, it was respectfully and without comment observed by the family that while the Stars and Stripes fluttered gaily from the Stella's stern, at the peak the Italian tri-color drooped mournfully, half-mast.

The arrival of the felucca drew a crowd at once, and it was with a mixture of pride and tenderness that Rob knelt to launch his little boat again — the center of an eager throng of questioners.

"Mighty funny boat! What 's that long spar-thing for? Why do you loop her up so? How do you pronounce her name? What 's that flag, and why is it half-mast?"

"I bet there 's not another boat on *this* pond," said Tom, swelling with pride of association, "that 's sailed on the Mediterranean." And satisfied with the sensation he had produced, he added graciously: "That flag 's half-mast for the builder; he 's dead."

"Is she always going to carry two flags?" asked one inquiring spirit.

"Yes, always," replied Rob, briefly. "For I have n't forgotten dear Mario," he added to

himself, even as he gave a little push and the Stella slid softly out of the water.

Not much like the Mediterranean, this gray sheet, all set about with mists and the strong forms of unleaved elms.

"The wind is different, too; what if she should n't sail well or come in at all?" said Rob, anxiously.

"She will," responded Tom, reassuringly. "She 's a beauty to sail — just look!"

In fact, the Stella was riding as if to show that all water was one to her. So swift and successful was her course that the boys had to run to outstrip her at the landing. They launched her again and again, and she sailed for the honor of two flags.

The wind began to blow shiftily, as it is apt to do before it falls with the sun, and each voyage took a little longer than the preceding; but the fascinated boys continued launching her until suddenly Tom said:

"Hullo! almost everybody has gone, and it is getting dusky."

"So it is!" exclaimed Rob, glancing up. "We must get her right in. I promised not to be late."

This was all very well to say, but the Stella was out on the little lake, and seemed in no hurry to come in. Possibly she dreaded another long confinement in a trunk; or whether it was the increasingly fitful breeze, or that she was made for weathering strong winds only, or that Rob's inexperience had not perfectly adjusted her sails, she kept nearing the shore and then tacking away from it in the most provoking manner. The boys ran hopefully from point to point, but still the felucca, her flags flying, held defiantly at a distance, making little runs here and there, but keeping discreetly out of reach.

"You will have to give it up till morning," declared Tom, at last. But Rob would not hear of it.

"Could n't I get the guard?" he asked desperately.

"Not to-night; too late, and they have to shut up. Besides, it 's perfectly safe. Nobody can get in, and you can come down the first thing in the morning. Look, it 's almost dark now."

With a despairing glance at the Stella, riding

gaily, Rob dejectedly followed Tom. He had hard work to choke down the tears he was ashamed Tom should see, but he quite broke down when he told his father and mother, who were already at the window, watching anxiously. They consoled him as well as they could.

"I don't see what can happen to it to-night," said his father, "and we will go down early in the morning, and, if need be, hire a guard to bring it in."

With this assurance Rob was fain to console himself; but his slumbers would have been more disturbed even than they were if he could have known the truth. For, scarcely ten minutes after he left the pond, a puff of wind drove the Stella near the shore, and a moment later a boy's hand drew her from the water and bore her triumphantly away.

Rob could scarcely wait, the next morning, for his father to swallow a mouthful of breakfast, and at the earliest possible hour the two were on their way. Never had that way seemed so long, and when the gardens were reached Rob ran ahead. There lay the little lake, with smooth gray surface unbroken; but the Stella di Mare had vanished.

"We will ask the guard," said his father, quickly.

The guard knew nothing. Somebody might have taken her — he could n't say. No, he had not seen such a boat. One boat was all the same as another to him; or it might be she had gone to the bottom.

"Sometimes they does. If the young gen'leman was on 'and a few months later, when they drained the pond, he might find her."

This was cold comfort.

"We would willingly pay for its recovery," said Rob's father.

"Well, 'e should advise the young gen'leman to stay there and watch a bit; 'e would keep an heye hopen himself hif there was hanything he could tell it by. There might be fifty boats some days; 'e could n't be hexpected to know w'ich was w'ich."

Rob described the felucca minutely; then, while his father patiently installed himself upon a bench, with a newspaper, he pensively surveyed the water-fowl, and kept an eager eye upon every boy who appeared. It was school-



"THREE WOMEN IN RUSTY BLACK GOWNS APPEARED AT THE SAIL-MAKING PLACE AND ASKED FOR WORK."

time, and only a few small children with nurses came and went. Heartily discouraged and weary, Rob was just about to give in and go home, when a voice behind him said:

"Might this 'ere be your boat, sir?" And turning, Rob saw the Stella di Mare itself in the arms of a shrinking boy whom the guard was pushing forward.

"None of that, now," said the tall guard.

Rob gave one look, and the next moment the Stella di Mare fell unheeded to the ground, and with a shout which made everybody near jump, and his father cast away his paper and spring to his feet, Rob hurled himself into the boy's arms.

"Mario! Mario! Mario!"

"Roberto! caro Roberto! Roberto! caro Roberto!"

And the two boys laughed and wept and hugged each other like little lunatics.

The guard looked on as if uncertain whether it were his duty to arrest them or not; while Rob's father, scarcely calmer than the boys, tried to make it all clear by explaining:

"It is all right; it is the boy who was drowned."

It was in the midst of a very sympathetic little crowd, who could understand his gestures, if not his words, that Mario—a poor, pale, thin Mario—poured out his story, keeping fast hold of Rob's hand as they sat on the bench together, while Rob's father hung over both boys.

The Stella had been wrecked in the first blast of the squall, and Mario, by one of the ever-recurring miracles of the sea, had been picked up by an English vessel which had seen the Stella founder. For a long time he lay unconscious from the shock and exposure, and when he recovered he was far from home. Nobody on the vessel understood Italian, and even if the name of the obscure little village which he kept repeating had been known to them, they could not have put about to land one small boy. They were not unkind, and he was soon able to work his passage.

"But oh, caro Roberto, when I thought every day I was going farther from you all!"

He made up his mind to slip away at the first port and find an Italian ship on which to

work his way home. But the vessel was homeward bound, and, with adverse winds, only reached London the day before. As soon as possible Mario slipped ashore. He had expected to find an Italian ship easily, but, to his amazement and distress, he found none. He hunted all day, but in the miles of docks he did not know where to look, and wandered aimlessly along, looking for an Italian flag among the thousands, and finding none. A few men spoke so roughly to him that he became afraid to sleep there, and turned away and walked, not knowing where, always looking for something Italian.

"And oh, dear Roberto, it is such a great place, with so many people, and I felt so much fear!"

And so, tired and hungry, he came upon the parks and stumbled in, meaning to sleep under a tree, and renew his search in the morning. He wandered on, looking for a good place to spend the night, till he came out at the pond at dusk, and stooped to drink of it.

"There was something drifting about on it, but I was too tired to notice much, till something red and green and white fluttering caught my eye—I had been looking so for that all day! I could not believe my eyes, but I looked again and I saw it was the *bandiera Italiana* [Italian flag] on a little boat—a felucca, Roberto!"

Rob squeezed his hand silently.

"And next I saw the *bandiera Americana*, and I thought my fever was come back again. I would have plunged in after her, but she came right to me, as if she were sent. And when I saw the gold star and the name, then I *knew* there could not be two, and I said to myself, 'Roberto is here, and he will come back for her.' I guessed she might have been becalmed, and I decided to wait by the pond, when there came a *guardia* [policeman] like this, and he said something, and took me by the shoulder and pointed. I understood I must go, for our own *duchessa's* gardens are closed at sunset, and I thought this might be the king's or queen's. I took the Stella to make sure, and I meant to stay quite near to the pond; but crowds of people kept coming and pushing me on, and I walked and walked—"

"It is a wonder you were not lost," said the old bright smile; "but I should like to see Rob's father. the signora and the signorina."

"I was—a little; and then I had fear—oh, In a few minutes they were tucked away in



"MARIO WAS WELCOMED BY ROB'S MOTHER AS IF HE HAD BEEN HER OWN BOY."  
(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

such fear that I should miss you, and I ran and ran, and then the guardia seized me."

"And you have been walking and running all night long! Rob, he has not eaten for twenty-four hours."

"That is nothing — *niente*," said Mario, with

a cab, the tall guard so far forgetting his dignity as to close the door for them. Both of the boys were too excited to stop talking for an instant.

"Dear, dear Stella di Mare!" said Rob, regarding her affectionately. "I shall never sail



her again, for I could not bear to lose her. She brought you back."

"I think," said Mario, simply, "it was the good God who did that. But why is our flag in mourning? I wondered when I saw it. Is the king dead?"

Rob was seized with a sudden confusion and shyness. Mario looked at his friend, and his eyes filled with tears.

"*Caro Roberto!*" he said softly—and then all at once, looking into each other's eyes, they both began to laugh.

On the way home they stopped to telegraph to Mario's mother.

How the receipt of that telegram turned the little village upside down with rejoicing; how Mario was welcomed by Rob's mother as if he had been her own boy who was lost and found; how Dorothy laughed and cried over him; what delightful days the children passed together waiting for the ship on which Rob's father had arranged for Mario to return; how the good captain became so interested in him that Mario went to sea with him for years after—all this would make a story of itself.

The last thing Rob said when he parted with Mario on the ship was this:

"Good-by, dear Mario. I shall keep the Italian flag flying on the *Stella di Mare* always, for you."

And Mario answered: "*Addio*, dear Roberto; and when I am grown up and have a boat of my own, I shall call her the '*Stella di Mare*,' and she shall always carry an American flag, for you."

Mario is not grown up yet, so the big *Stella* has not come into existence; but the little *Stella*, both her flags flying gaily, occupies a place of honor on the mantel in Rob's home. She has never made another cruise, but is the joy and admiration of Rob's friends, to whom he is never weary of telling her story and of reading the legend inscribed upon the rack in which she rests,

#### STELLA DI MARE.

HER CAREER, THOUGH BRIEF, WAS GLORIOUS. LAUNCHED ON ITALIAN WATERS, IN HER SECOND AND LAST CRUISE, ON AN ENGLISH LAKE, SHE GALANTLY EFFECTED THE RESCUE OF HER OWN MAKER.



MOONLIGHT ON THE MOLO.

## THE GREATEST EXPLOSION OF HISTORIC TIMES.

BY DR. EUGENE MURRAY-AARON.

WHEN we speak of the terror of a volcanic eruption, and of what such a manifestation of the explosive power hidden in the earth's interior is capable, we usually think of Vesuvius and its overwhelming of Pompeii and Herculaneum in the year 79 of our Christian era. This is no doubt largely due to the marvelous way in which those cities were covered over by volcanic ash and their contents kept almost intact until the spade has little by little laid them bare. Yet, terrible as was that visitation, we have had within the memory of most of us, and only seventeen years ago, one that was far worse and much more destructive of human life and vast territories than anything else of its kind of which history tells us.

Many no doubt remember the uniformly beautiful sunsets observed almost every day, and throughout the world, during the autumn of 1883, and will also remember that astronomers and physicists told us then that these were the result of the mighty eruption of Krakatua, a volcano on an island of that name in the Strait of Sunda, which connects the Java Sea with the Indian Ocean, between Java and Sumatra, East Indies. For Krakatua had thrown a mighty stream of fine pumice and vapory particles to a height of over twenty miles, and for many weeks these were shifted from point to point by the ever-varying wind-currents until their effect upon the light caused every portion of the world to wonder at the exquisite colorings of those sunsets.

There were several stupendous ways in which this interior force in the depth of Krakatua were manifest, each almost beyond human belief and human understanding. Of these the principal were the earth-lifting force, the tidal wave caused by the shock, and the noise of the mighty explosion; and these we will consider in turn.

It has already been noted that to a height of over twenty miles, or one hundred and five thousand feet, Krakatua hurled a volume of pumice, in fine ash, that was literally wafted around the

world. Large blocks of pumice, still quite warm, were picked up fifteen miles away. But even better is this mighty force illustrated when we learn that the whole northern part of the island, several square miles in extent, was completely blown out of sight, and where was formerly dry land are now sea soundings, in some points nearly one thousand feet in depth. This upheaval lifted the bed of the deep sea, five or six miles away, so that in places small islands, entirely new structures, appeared above the surface.

Even more irresistible must have seemed the mighty earthquake wave which overtook and drowned over thirty thousand people on neighboring islands, some literally hundreds of miles away. A Dutch man-of-war, the "Berouw," anchored off the coast of Sumatra, was carried by this wave up a valley nearly two miles inland, and left high and dry more than thirty feet above the sea-level. At Telok Betong, fifty miles away, this devastating wave reached within six feet of the resident governor's house, which stood on a hillside seventy-eight feet above the sea-level. No wonder that such a wave, quite twice as high as the average dwelling-house, caused so fearful a loss of life both at sea and along the coast of the East Indies for many miles. It was even noticed at the Cape of Good Hope, seven thousand five hundred miles away.

However, it seems that when we come to the deafening report or detonation of this unprecedented upburst in the earth's surface, that its wonderful force is most impressed upon us. If a man were to meet a resident of Philadelphia and tell him that he had heard an explosion in Trenton, thirty miles away, he might be believed, although there would be some doubt as to his powers of imagination. If, however, he should make the same assertion of an explosion in Wheeling, West Virginia, three hundred miles away, all doubts of his accuracy and of his imaginative powers would vanish. But if, with every sign of sincerity and a desire to be believed, he should earnestly insist upon his having heard an explosion in San Francisco,



A STEAMER BORNE ASHORE BY AN EARTH-  
QUAKE WAVE.

*three thousand miles away*, he would receive a pitying smile, and his listener would silently walk away. Yet just this last marvelous thing was true of those who, on the island of Rodriguez, over toward Madagascar, two thousand nine hundred and sixty-eight miles away, heard clearly and beyond doubt the faint sound of the ear-splitting detonation in the Strait of Sunda. In India, in Australia, and in every direction, literally for thousands of miles around, this sound was carried. At Karima, Java, three hundred and fifty-five miles away, native boats put out to sea to look for some imaginary steamer that they felt sure must have exploded out there.

Although not so wonderful to most of us, to scientists the most remarkable feature of all of this most wonderful cataclysm known to man,

was the air-wave which preceded from this awful explosion. Such a wave is recorded by instruments known as barographs, wherever observatories, weather bureaus, or like organizations are represented. The barogram records of Krakatua's outburst were such that the report of the Royal Society says: "The character of this disturbance would seem almost incredible were it not for the fact that it is attested by the barograms of every great meteorological station on the world's surface." And this air-wave is recorded as having encircled our globe three times before its marvelous force was finally spent.

So it is quite safe to say, when we are asked the question as to which of all the mighty manifestations of God's power in this world, thus far within the ken of science, has been the most stupendous, the most all-overwhelming, that the terrific annihilation of Krakatua, in 1883, surpasses all else.

A smoke that encircled the globe, a wave that traveled seven thousand five hundred miles, a sound heard three thousand miles afar, and an air-shock hurled thrice around the earth—what more can be sought as testimony to the pent-up energies beneath our very feet?



I.

WHILE JOCKO DREAMED OF COCOANUTS  
A LITTLE TURK CAME NEAR,  
AND MEANLY TRIED HIS BLOW-GUN  
IN STINGING JOCKO'S EAR.



II.

LOUD LAUGHED THE LITTLE TURKISH IMP,  
TILL TEARS WERE IN HIS EYES.  
SLY JOCKO, SWIFTLY SLIDING DOWNWARD,  
SEIZES ON THE PRIZE.



III.

THE TURK IS LOOKING FOR HIS GUN.  
'T WAS IN THAT VERY SPOT.  
SLY JOCKO NOW TAKES CAREFUL AIM  
AND MAKES A CLEVER SHOT.



IV.

THE LITTLE TURK IS DANCING NOW,  
AND SINGS—THOUGH NOT FOR JOY;  
WHILE JOCKO, RESTING AT HIS EASE,  
SMILES AT THE ACTIVE BOY.

## PRETTY POLLY PERKINS.

BY GABRIELLE E. JACKSON.

[This story was begun in the May number.]

### CHAPTER XIII.

#### RUTH'S NEW DRESS.

SHORTLY after Jamie had been "bleached" Josh came home from the post-office with the morning's mail.

Mabel, in her dainty blue-plaid gingham, was comfortably settled on her cushions and eagerly awaiting her letter, for hardly a day passed without bringing her some affectionate message from her father.

"Here is your letter, dear one, and I hope it may have an especially welcome bit of news," said her mother, handing it to her.

Mabel tore it open and read eagerly. Then she exclaimed:

"Oh, listen, listen! He will be here to-morrow morning at twelve o'clock, and Uncle Bert is coming with him."

"How delightful! Uncle Bert is Mr. Temple's brother, of whom you have so often heard us speak, Miss Wheeler," Mrs. Temple explained. "His home is in Colorado, where he has a large ranch, and consequently his visits to New York are not so frequent as we could wish. He is Mr. Temple's only brother, and Mabel is so fond of him."

"Only think! he has promised me a pony when I am fourteen; but that will not be until a year from next month, for I sha'n't be thirteen till the 9th of July. I wonder if I shall be strong enough to drive about by that time?"

"To be sure you will, dear; and Molly Wheeler claims the second drive, for your mother comes first"; and Miss Wheeler nodded reassuringly.

"Indeed, you shall have many, Molly, and I do wish the time would hurry and come. Oh, dear! a year is *such* a long time. But, mama, now that we have had our letter, can't we begin

on Ruth's new dress? I'm just wild to do something on it, for I can make the bows, if I can't do anything else."

"That will be a delightful way of spending our morning, and we will set about it at once. Only, I fear Ruth may come upon us suddenly if we work here, and I suggest that we go up to my sitting-room. It is delightfully cool there."

"Do let's tell Polly about it," begged Mabel. "She loves to do things for other people, and will be so pleased to do this, I know."

"Yes, by all means. Molly dear, will you go hunt her up after we have settled Mabel in our impromptu sewing-room?"

Mrs. Temple soon had the pretty waist under way, which grew like magic under her skilful fingers, and Mabel reveled in making the pretty bows which would adorn the frock when finished.

"Won't Ruth look just sweet in this?" And Polly held up the dainty bit of ruffle she was hemming. "Somehow, I would rather see her have pretty things than have them for myself. I love them too, but Ruth is so good, and she does n't ask for pretty things very often, so that's why I like to see her get them. I like to have my room pretty; but she does n't care so long as hers is tidy. I love pretty pictures and such things, and some day, when I grow up, I'm going to have loads and loads of them. Don't know just how I'm going to manage it, but guess I shall, some way. Oh, I do wish you could see all those lovely old things up garret. When will you come for the rummage?" And Polly's eyes danced at the prospect.

"The very first rainy day. There is nothing so delightful as a rummage in an attic on a rainy day."

By dinner-time the simple little dress was nearly completed, and Mrs. Temple congratulated herself for having brought to Endmeadow the hand sewing-machine which had so expedited matters by doing the long seams.



"Mrs. Temple," asked Ruth, in her shy way, while they were seated at the midday dinner, "may I come up to your room this afternoon to see about my dress? Ma says I have done right smart work this morning, and all our jelly is made, so I sha'n't have a single thing to do after I 've done up the dinner dishes, and I guess I 'll be able to get my dress all cut out."

"I shall be delighted, dear, if you will come about half-past two. Mabel needs my assistance for a little while immediately after dinner, but I shall be quite free then."

"Thank you, ma'am; I 'll come at the very minute"; and Ruth looked as excited as was possible for her. Polly had much ado to keep from betraying herself, and the minute dinner was over flew back to the sewing-room.

By two o'clock all was completed and the pretty dress was spread upon Ruth's bed.

"Now let 's stay near the room and listen," said Polly. "Miss Wheeler, please put Mabel on my bed, and then all come in and push the door nearly to."

For a moment silence reigned, and then Ruth outdied herself, for the next thing the eager listeners heard was:

"Oh, oh, o-h! Who did it? Who did it? Quick, ma, come and see what has happened! My muslin 's finished! just done entirely!" And Ruth rushed out into the hall to fall headlong into the arms of her mother, who, at her call, had run out from her own room across the hall.

At this Polly could keep quiet no longer, and, flinging open the door, rushed out into the hall to execute a wild dance from one end of it to the other, while she sang: "Did n't we do it fine? did n't we do it fine?" And Mabel, in her excitement, sat straight up in bed and waved a towel triumphantly.

"Put it on quickly," said Miss Wheeler, "and let us admire our handiwork"; and she began unbuttoning Ruth's neat print gown.

In a moment more a transformed Ruth stood before them; for it was surprising what a change the dainty little gown made in her. She was naturally a very pretty child, with her beautiful eyes and long hair, but no taste had ever been shown in her dress, and she usually looked as demure as a little brown sparrow.

"Seeing Ruth all dressed in her new dress makes me wonder when I shall be able to wear my pretties again," said Mabel, rather wistfully.

"If you continue to improve for the next two weeks as you have during the past, it is not going to be very long before you 'll be going about in some of the pretty little gowns that I helped to pack," said Miss Wheeler.

"Why — did you bring them, mama?" asked Mabel, in surprise.

"Yes, sweetheart; but I 've the suspicion of an idea that they are going to be far too short, for I believe you have grown much taller."

"Where are they, mama? Do let us look them over!"

"They are in the big dress-trunk at the end of the hall. It has not been needed, so Josh put it there for us."

"May we look?"

"Certainly you may; Molly dear, lend me your quick wits, and let us take Mabel to the trunk, if you can devise a seat for her near it."

Molly glanced about in vain, for nothing seemed available, when suddenly her eyes began to dance, and saying, with a laugh, "Just wait a jiffy, and I 'll be back with a couch that will rival the stone-boat," off she ran.

In about two minutes she came out of her room, dragging behind her the portable tin bath-tub.

A stout twine had been put through the ring at the foot, and the tub itself filled with sofa pillows.

"Now, Miss Diogenes, what do you think of that for a combination?" And taking hold of the string, she dragged her down the hall, the tub gliding over the matting without a hitch, and brought her up with a flourish in front of the trunk.

Mrs. Temple began to lift out the dainty dresses one by one and lay them across the foot of Mabel's tub, in her lap, and all about her, till she was almost hidden.

To Polly's eyes they were miracles of the dressmaker's art; she fairly reveled in the pretty dotted muslins with their Valenciennes edgings, and the soft China silks, in so many delicate shades, with their dainty ribbons.

Each dress had some pleasant memory folded away with it, and Mabel could have held Polly enraptured the whole afternoon; but Mrs. Temple wished her "sewing class" to get some fresh air after their hard work, so said: "I want to measure these dresses by those you are now wearing, and that will tell whether my suspicion as to your growth is well founded or not. Molly dear, bring me the dress lying upon Mabel's bed, please."

Miss Wheeler soon placed the desired dress in Mrs. Temple's hands, and taking up a pretty white dotted muslin with pale-yellow bows on the shoulders, and a soft silken sash to match, she held the skirts together.

"There, Lady Gay, what do you think of that?" she cried, when a difference of about four inches appeared.

Miss Wheeler looked delighted, for her professional insight told her that they could not have a better sign of improvement.

"Do you know, when I get big enough to earn money for myself, I'm going to have a dress exactly like that. It's the prettiest of all; I do love yellow," said Polly, handling the soft sash lovingly.

"Oh, put it on now, please do, and let me see how you will look, for I may not be here then, you know." And Mabel clapped her hands delightedly; for a few whispered words with her mother, when Polly was absorbed in examining the pretty things, and a significant look when she admired the dotted muslin, had settled the fate of the little dress, and generous-hearted Mabel was made happy by knowing that her dear Polly would have something pretty, too.

"May I really? I'd love to. Oh, what fun!" And Polly danced off to her room with the pretty dress, Molly following close behind to help her get into it.

"Daffy-down-dilly has come to town!" sang Molly, as she and Polly came prancing out of the room, the latter looking perfectly radiant in Mabel's muslin, which fitted her to a T.

"I feel just like the princess in the Sleeping Beauty story," said Polly, as she held out her skirts and danced down the hall. She little realized what a waking beauty she was; for the white and yellow were charming on her, and

exactly what her soft, rich coloring needed to bring it to perfection.

With a grand bow and flourish the dance ended in front of Mrs. Temple, who, taking Polly's rosy face in her soft white hands, said:

"It would never do to let you give up anything which suits you as well as this little frock does, so please make us happy by keeping it. It is too small for Mabel now, but fits you like a fairy frock."

"For me to keep for my very own, and to wear when Ruth wears her pretty one?" And Polly looked as though it could n't be true.

"For you, my blossom, to wear, and think of Mabel while so doing."

"Dear sakes! my gracious! As though I would have to have one of her dresses to make me remember her! I just sha'n't forget her, not if I live to be as old as old Granny Peters, down at the four corners; but I don't know how I'm ever going to make her know how happy I am."

"We know already, Polly Perkins; so now run and put away your dress, and then come down on the porch to help me entertain our princess while Mrs. Temple rests"; and Miss Wheeler laid the pretty gowns back in the trunk.

Ruth ran down ahead to get Mabel's porch chair settled, and Polly skipped back to her room.

When left alone with Mrs. Temple, Mrs. Perkins said: "You ain't been in my house but two weeks, but you've given more joy to them children than they ever had before in all their lives, and what's more, you've opened my eyes to a sight o' wisdom which I ain't never been bright enough to see before. But I've learned a lesson, even if I am forty-two year old, and I ain't goin' to forget it very soon, neither."

"T ain't no use for me to tell you how thankful I am, for my gratefulness has got to be showed, not talked about; and I'll show it, or my name ain't Mary Jane Perkins"; and she marched off downstairs with determination in every footfall. She little thought what an opportunity she would have to show her "gratefulness" before the summer was over.

## CHAPTER XIV.

## A WELCOME ARRIVAL—UNCLE BERT.

"How can I ever wait for twelve o'clock to come?" said Mabel, the following morning, when Miss Wheeler was brushing out her beautiful curls and making her ready for breakfast.

"I'll give you a delightful ride in your wheeling-chair, and Polly will come along to help make things lively. Between us I fancy we can make the time slip by pretty quickly."

"Let's go down by the creek and pick iris. I know where loads of it grows, and it is n't hard to get there. And may I take Bonny and Nero? I often go down there with Bonny; she likes to splash in the water; and Nero can swim like anything where the creek's wide enough," said Polly.

"Yes, do," cried Mabel, delighted at the idea, and Polly ran off for her pets. Bonny well deserved her name, for she was as beautiful as a deer.

Her well-shaped little head, with its great soft eyes, was far more like a deer's head than a cow's, and her fawn-colored coat was as soft as silk. She seemed delighted to go, and capered along beside Polly, who led her by a stout rope, for sometimes Bonny's playful pranks needed restraining.

Nero bounded along ahead, for he knew their destination quite as well as Polly did. It was not a long walk, but a very lovely one; for daisies and buttercups nodded a greeting from the sides of the path, and birds sang merrily on the old stone walls. Bonny tugged and pulled in her eagerness to get to the creek, and Polly flew along behind her.

Mabel was as happy as a cricket, for the soft air was her best tonic, and she thoroughly enjoyed her sniff of it.

Miss Wheeler's light-hearted, merry chatter kept the girls entertained, and the morning slipped away very quickly.

Hardly were they home again when the clatter of hoofs and the sound of wheels announced the return of Josh, who had driven to the station for the purpose of meeting Mr. Temple and his brother.

"Oh, Molly, quick, quick! Let us get around to the front of the house, for I know it's my papa!" cried Mabel, as she almost bounded out of her chair in her excitement. Molly pushed for dear life, and the chair fairly spun along, while Polly rushed ahead to make sure that it was really the carryall with its longed-for occupants. It was quite true, for as the chair wheeled around the corner of the house the carryall was drawn up to the carriage-block, and out bounded a gentleman crying: "Where's my Mab—my bonny Queen Mab?"

"Oh, darling daddy, darling daddy, here I am!" And Mabel fairly flung herself into her father's arms.

"Well! well! am I to stay up here in this calabash all day, I'd like to know?" said Uncle Bert, as he rose to follow his brother. "Suppose you leave some of that young lady for me, for I've a third interest in that small person, and I think it's my turn now."

Mr. Temple handed his treasure over to his brother, who promptly walked off with her, while Mr. Temple turned to greet Miss Wheeler.

"What magic have you found out here to put so much color in your cheeks and animation into Mabel? I declare, I'm perfectly astonished at the child's improvement. Mrs. Temple wrote me that she was doing wonders, but truly I'd no idea how great the wonders were."

"They are even greater than Mrs. Temple suspects, for I firmly believe her complete restoration is nearer at hand than she believes." And little did Miss Wheeler herself dream how soon her words would prove true.

Meanwhile, Uncle Bert had carried Mabel up to the porch to place her in an easy-chair, and then turn to give Mrs. Temple, who had just hurried downstairs, a brotherly greeting.

"Here, give over gazing at that young giant, and welcome me like a dutiful wife," said her husband, as he came up. "What do you think of him? Is n't he a genuine cow-boy?"

"I have not changed my opinion since I saw him one year ago, and then I thought him just about perfection," said Mrs. Temple, standing back to take a good look at the strongly built,

sunburnt man who had about him the breezy look of the prairies.

"Hear! hear! Who ever heard such open flattery? Come, Bert, run along, and help take out those suit-cases and things, so your head need not be turned." And Uncle Bert, turning suddenly to obey orders, nearly ran into Miss Wheeler, who was just coming up the steps.

"I beg a thousand pardons!" he exclaimed, as he lifted his hat apologetically, and Mrs. Temple hastened to say: "Molly dear, I have long wished to have Mr. Temple meet you, but I had not planned that he should do it quite so abruptly. This is our dear friend Miss Wheeler, Herbert, and our Mabel's good angel."

Miss Wheeler held out her hand in her frank, ingenuous way and said: "I am very glad to meet you; but I feel that I know you already, for your name is a household word."

"Good! I'm right glad it is"; and Bert Temple gave her a hearty grasp of the hand.

Half an hour later a merry party gathered about the big table to partake of Mrs. Perkins's delicious fare, for the good woman was a famous cook, and took delight in bringing forth the best her larder held for those who had shown her only the kindest consideration. Mabel was blissfully happy, for what more could she desire, now that "dear daddy" and Uncle Bert had come?

"By the way, Mrs. Perkins," said Uncle Bert, "have you room for another boarder? I've a friend coming out this way this evening, and I'd like to have him camp here."

"Good gracious! I'm afraid I can't make him very comfortable, for there ain't a hole nor a corner left; but I'll try, if he ain't too particular."

"He's not over-particular, and if it's too tight a squeeze you may put him out in the barn. He is a ranchman, and used to such quarters. Indeed, I don't know but what he would prefer it, on the whole, for if he felt like having a kick up he could"; and Uncle Bert smiled a queer sort of smile.

"I met the gentleman in town just before we came out, and, if the truth must be told, I fancied he must be a foreigner, to judge from his complexion," said Mr. Temple. "Where did you say that he came from, Bert?"

"He was born out in Colorado, but his parents came from Wales," said Uncle Bert, throwing back his head and laughing.

"What is there so funny about it? I don't see," said Mabel, who looked very mystified. Being used to Uncle Bert's nonsense, she felt sure he had some joke back of all his talk.

"Some people seem to think my friend is peculiar, and he does look rather queer, I must confess, for he has a great deal of hair and wears it hanging over his eyes. Then, too, he is a vegetarian, and they are always queer chaps."

"What time are we to meet this extraordinary being? I am curious to see him," said Mrs. Temple.

"About six o'clock."

"I'm more curious to know his name," said Miss Wheeler.

"It's Tony Lumpkin," answered Herbert, promptly.

"I just believe it's a dog!" said Mabel, "and you've talked all this nonsense to tease us. Don't you bother about a room, Mrs. Perkins; he is always up to some such prank."

"No," said little Polly, who had sat silent a long time; "I don't believe it's a dog, but I just believe I *do* know what it is, but I'm not going to tell"; and she looked very wise.

"Won't you tell even me?" asked Uncle Bert, for he was already fond of "pretty Poll," as he called her.

"Yes, I'll tell you in a whisper after dinner; but you must n't tell anybody what I've said, will you?"

"Not a soul, upon my honor. Hurry up, you people, and finish, for truly I'm dying of curiosity."

As soon as they left the table, Uncle Bert said to Polly, "Now come along with me and tell me the big secret"; and taking Polly's hand he led her out upon the lawn beyond hearing.

"Now, what is it, Polly?"

"I know just what it is—I know I do; for when you said he could kick up in the barn I guessed in a jiffy. It's a pony, is n't it?"

"How did you guess? Yes, it is; for I made up my mind not to wait a whole year, but let Queen Mab have him now. Poor little soul!—she has had enough to fret her for

a year, so now she 'd better have a happy time, if we can manage to provide one for her."

"Oh, won't it be just splendid!" cried Polly, as she sat on the grass beside him.

"Now, look here, pretty Poll, you've got to help me, for I've a grand scheme afoot, and I can never carry it through single-handed."

Then he and Polly held a conference. On the way home they came to the buttery win-

ply. "Only just tell what it is, and it's done, if Jane Perkins can do it."

"Polly has been showing me her fairyland down in the woods, and telling me about the picnic out there. Can't we have another, and all of us take supper out in the woods this evening? Seems to me it must be awfully jolly, and I'll help tote the supplies over; I'm used to camping, and it will seem natural."



THE PONY "TONY LUMPKIN" AND THE NEW PHAËTON.

dow, and through it they saw Mrs. Perkins and Ruth. Planting Polly upon the sill, he rested his elbows beside her and said:

"Anybody here who wants to do me a favor?"

"Certain as the world," was the prompt re-

VOL. XXVII.—113.

"To be sure, you can; 't won't be a mite of trouble, and that little girl in yonder will be tickled to death, pretty near, for she ain't never stopped talkin' about the fun she had at her strawberry picnic, as she called it."



Two hours later a merry party gathered in Polly's fairyland. The old stone-boat had again been pressed into service, and Mabel, with her father lying on the soft moss at her side, was once more resting upon her improvised divan. Uncle Bert was a great addition to the party, and this time Ruth was there too.

"Daddy dear," said Mabel, "do you know I'm going to be thirteen years old two weeks from to-day? And I want you to spend a whole week here, for that will be the nicest birthday present you could give me. Will you?"

"And what do you suppose I should do for a whole dull week? Will you guarantee to entertain me every minute?"

"Yes, every solitary minute; for Miss Wheeler says that I am growing so strong that I'll soon be able to drive all about, and Mr. Perkins told me we could have Lady any time we wanted her. She is such a dear old horse that there is n't the least bit of danger."

"And where do you propose to take me?"

"Oh, up to Forest Park and all around. Polly says Forest Park is beautiful."

Polly, who stood not far away, pricked up her ears when her name was mentioned, and came over to seat herself by Uncle Bert. She looked at him with a knowing look and said, "Does n't it seem an awful long afternoon, somehow?"

"Why, Polly Perkins!" cried Mabel, "I think the time is just flying away; I don't see what makes it seem long to you."

"Maybe it 's because I'm so hungry, and I'll go help get supper, for Ruth and Miss Wheeler are beginning to unpack the baskets"; and off she trotted.

"I wonder what makes Polly act so queerly this afternoon," said Mabel. "She acts as if she was expecting somebody to come. Wonder who it can be."

"This chap coming through the woods now, perhaps," said Uncle Bert.

They all turned, and saw Jamie swinging along with his easy stride, for his long legs were of good service. Behind him bounded Bob, for he was never far away when Jamie was around.

"Here we are, just in time for the spread,"

Bob announced, "and Jim's ready to do his share cleanin' plates."

"Suppose you both do your share, and gather the fire-wood again," said Molly, briskly.

"At your service, ma'am," and Jamie made a salaam.

"By Jove!" exclaimed Uncle Bert, when supper was nearly finished, and he had stowed away a good supply. "I almost forgot Tony. He will be over by the six-o'clock train, and it's a quarter to six now. Farewell, friends, for a while. I'll be back in about half an hour, and bring him along too."

"Do you seriously expect some one?" asked Mrs. Temple, for former experiences with her brother-in-law had taught her to take his statements with a grain of salt.

"Certain! Why do you doubt me? Don't I always tell the truth?"

"Yes, you tell the truth, but when you are joking you have a knack of rigging truth up in such fantastic garments that we never quite know in what guise it will appear."

Polly was in a perfect flutter, and had to keep occupied lest she should betray herself. By seven o'clock all was packed for the homeward trip. Mr. Temple took up the dinner-horn which was to summon Josh and Lady.

A prolonged blast woke the echoes. Mabel was not looking toward the wood path which led to their retreat, and would never have suspected the surprise until it was fairly upon her, had it not been for Polly; but catching sight of Polly, she turned to see what could possibly have caused the child to clasp her hands and stand as though struck dumb.

With a cry that caused all to start toward her, Mabel sat straight up and pointed down the wood path.

"Oh, look, look, everybody! look quick, quick! Uncle Bert has brought me a pony and phaeton!" And she nearly bounded up from her couch in her excitement.

And well she might, for when Uncle Bert undertook to do anything he "did it up in great shape," as he himself would have expressed it; and what Mabel saw was a beautiful little Welsh pony, black as a crow, excepting for one white star under the soft, fluffy bang

on his forehead, harnessed to a low-hung phaëton, with a little seat behind for the atom of a groom who sat there in his neat fawn-colored livery. Dainty fawn-colored cushions were resting against the back of the carriage to make it comfortable for weak backs, and in the bottom was a little cushion for her feet.

Uncle Bert sat in the phaëton and drove the light-footed beastie straight up to Mabel's divan. The little fellow seemed quite accustomed to being among people, and promptly put his nose into her outstretched arms as if he recognized her for his future mistress.

"Oh, mama, look at him, look at him!" cried the delighted child. "I believe he knows he belongs to me, and how could I help loving him when he is so little, and shiny, and sweet!" And she held the silky head close and kissed it again and again. "Uncle Bert, come here this minute, for I've got to hug you."

"So you like my furrin friend, little girl? Well, I hope he will be a great comfort to you and give you many a pleasant drive about this lovely country."

Placing her gently in the phaëton, he gave the reins into her hands, saying: "Tony is a sweet-tempered mite of horse-flesh, and you will be as safe in your phaëton as in your hammock. Little Jesse, up here, will take good care of him for you; I raised both of them, and know just what to expect; for Tony is of the best stock and breeding, and Jesse is from 'Ol' Virginny.' Mind, Jesse, you are this young lady's right-hand man now, and I want to hear good reports of you."

"Yas, sah; sartin shuah, sah; I's gwine do my very bes'. Hit's de onlies' way I has to show for shuah how proud I is to hab de charge of missy's turnout"; and he grinned from ear to ear.

All gathered round the pretty little rig, and Jamie was in his element, for he loved horses, and this one, as a lover of horses could see, was as near perfect as careful training and care could make him.

"Now I've a bit of a disclosure to make, and I want your attention," said Uncle Bert. "If it had not been for pretty Poll you would never have had your surprise in fairyland. It

was all her plan to bring Tony here, and I say three cheers for Polly Perkins!"

All cheered with a will, and then Mrs. Temple added, "If that be the case, she must have the first ride; so hop in, my little girl, and let Mabel drive you home in triumph."

Polly's cup of joy was filled to the very brim when she stepped into the phaëton and took her seat beside Mabel.

Mabel had learned to drive her father's horses, so was quite a skilled horsewoman, and turning Tony around she started out of the woods, with the rest walking like a triumphal procession behind.

Mrs. Perkins's astonishment was comical to witness, for a pony was the last thing she expected to see, and she stood open-mouthed to watch their arrival.

Presently recovering her power of speech, she said: "Well, I thought I'd seen a sight o' things in my time, but I ain't never see the beat o' that. Don't wonder your uncle wanted a bedroom for him!—he's enough sight too cute to put out in the barn yonder."

After many caresses from big and little, Tony Lumpkin was driven out to the barn by his proud little groom, who said as he departed with his charge:

"Yer better step high, Tony, 'ca'se yer got a mighty fine young missy. Yer'd better do yer-se'f proud, honey."

Sunday was a day of unqualified delight to Mabel, for all who loved her best were with her. Far too soon came Monday morning, which carried her father and Uncle Herbert back to town. But their promise to return on the following Saturday to spend the Fourth and remain until after her birthday, was food for pleasant thought all through the week to come.

And such a delightful week as it proved! For Tony Lumpkin was a never-ending source of joy to his mistress. He was a sagacious little creature, and responded very quickly to her petting. Before the week ended he knew Mabel's voice, and would answer her with a soft little whinny.

Jesse's heart was lost completely to Mabel, and there was nothing in the world the little fellow would not have done for her.

"She ain't lak nothin' but a little white angel, a-settin' up dar in her hammick and a-lookin' at me so sweet-like, and a-sayin', 'Marnin', Jesse; how is Tony dis marnin'? I 'll be ready fur ma drive soon.' Yer would n't think she were a-talkin' to a little black nigger, but des a-sayin' 'marnin'' to white folks jes like herse'f."

When Tony was not harnessed to the car-

riage Jamie usually had him, and many a long ramble he took on little Tony's back or with him toddling along beside him. Bob was fond of him, but not with Jamie's intense love, and Mabel felt that Tony would come to no harm so long as he was in Jamie's care. And his power over the pony grew with each day, and it was surprising how quickly the pony comprehended exactly what the boy wished him to do.

(To be continued.)

## A TRIP WITH A PROFESSIONAL RAIN-MAKER.

(Founded on Fact.)

BY THE REV. CHARLES M. SHELDON.

"ALL aboard!"

"All right, here!"

The brakeman at the rear raised his hand, the conductor swung himself on, the brakeman followed, and I had a glimpse of a row of curious faces on the platform of the station looking into the open door of the car in which I was seated as I drew past them. But I was too much interested in my surroundings to pay much attention to outside matters.

I had been attached to the United States Signal Service in one of the Western States, and obtaining leave of absence for two weeks, I had also, by dint of careful and influential correspondence with the division superintendent of the X. R. R., obtained permission to make a trip over the road with the professional rain-maker employed by the company.

The car in which I was seated was divided into two compartments. One of them was fitted up with sleeping and dining arrangements; the other contained the mechanical and electrical appliances used by the rain-maker. It was in the professional end of the car that I was seated, watching the rain-maker as he busied himself with certain pieces of apparatus that looked as mysterious to me as if they had been the stock in trade of a necromancer.

Presently he finished his task and came and

sat down beside me. The car was arranged with narrow doors in the sides. We sat looking out on the prairie as we sped dustily along, and the rain-maker answered my questions with good-natured amusement at some of them.

"How does the railroad company regard this department?—as an advertisement or a necessity?"

"Why, it is a regular part of the service this summer. There are three cars fitted up like this one, and they cost the company four hundred dollars a week when everything is going."

"And do you regard it as a regular profession, or—" I saw the rain-maker color up a little and hastily changed my question. "Of course I mean, do you regard it as really settled that rain can be compelled by artificial means, or is the whole thing still in a stage of experiment?"

"You will have to judge of that by the results of this trip. There is no doubt in my own mind of certain scientific well-established natural phenomena."

I looked curiously around the car again.

"Will you explain the meaning of some of these arrangements?"

"Certainly. You will understand them better when we begin the actual work. This box running the entire length of the car overhead con-

tains eight hundred gallons of water. These pipes, here, running down the sides of the car, connect with a rubber hose, which in turn con-

"You have a large 24-cell battery there, too. Of what use is that?"

"That also is a part of my secret. Rain-



THE STRIKERS OVERTURN THE RAIN-MAKER'S CAR.

nects with a hole that will be dug under the car in the ground where we are side-tracked at our destination.

"Under this broad shelf you see these boxes. I cannot tell you what is in them, as that is part of my secret. However, by chemical combinations certain gases are forced from these boxes through the water and from these pipes, here,"—he put his hand on them as he spoke,—“the gases escape freely into the air.”

making is largely an electrical as well as chemical matter.”

The whole affair was mysterious to me, and the “professor’s” explanations only added to the mystery. However, he continued:

“When the entire apparatus is in operation some fifteen hundred feet of gas escape into the air every hour. When released it is warm, and being much lighter than the air, ascends rapidly. I have a way of measuring the altitude, and

know that in some cases the gas has risen nearly eight thousand feet.

"A good deal depends on the velocity of the wind, the general condition of humidity, etc. I do not say that I can always produce rain at the point of operation, because the wind has so much to do with it, and my experiments may result in rain at a distance."

"But still you believe that by your arrangements here with the gases, and so on, you can in a dry time produce rain that would not otherwise have fallen in the course of nature?"

The rain-maker looked at me quizzically, but did not answer, except to refer me to the coming experiments, to which I began to look forward with a curiosity I had not felt for years.

To tell the truth, I had no faith in the power of the rain-maker's combination of chemicals and electricity to produce a drop of moisture. I had read of his claims to do so, and had seen the circulars of advertisement sent out by the road, but I wanted to see for myself; and as the time drew near when it seemed possible to judge for myself, my interest in the trip grew with every dusty mile covered by the train.

It was nearly dark when we drew up at the town where we were to be side-tracked and left to make the trial. It was a railroad town, with a group of shops and three or four smelters. We were backed upon the siding, uncoupled from the train, which went on, and at once the rain-maker made his preparations for letting the gases out into the air.

A crowd of curious men and boys had gathered, knowing that the rain-maker was coming. A committee of citizens from the town was on hand. The committee had secured the services of the "professor" by making certain terms with the road. Some of them came into the car and stared at the sight of the bottles, battery, pipes, shelves, tanks, and so forth, which made such a curious display. A great many questions were asked, to which the rain-maker gave short and unsatisfactory replies.

By this time it was dark, and the apparatus was in shape. The battery was turned on, and in a few moments I was informed that the gases were being liberated. There was little noise in connection with the work, and the whole thing was very undemonstrative.

"We might as well eat our supper now," said my companion.

"Don't you have to watch anything?"

"No; it goes itself," he answered. "That's the beauty of it."

So we went into the other end of the car and had a hearty supper, the company furnishing a good bill of fare, and supplying a colored servant who cooked and did the work.

I shall never forget the next twenty-four hours spent in that strange rain-maker's car. The experiences of such a trip could probably be duplicated in no other country in the world than the United States.

The prairie was illuminated by the moonlight, which made every dusty blade of grass and every curled rosin-weed look drier and deader than they looked by day. There had been no rain in the neighborhood for three weeks. Unless rain came inside of forty-eight hours the entire corn crop of the country would be ruined by the hot winds which had already begun to blow.

We opened the side doors of the car for the circulation of air. The rain-maker went about among his bottles and pipes and arranged them for the night, so that fresh material could be on hand. Then he came and sat down by me again.

"How long will it take before signs of rain appear?"

"It depends on many things — wind, velocity, humidity, electric disturbance, and many other circumstances."

"What is your opinion about success this time?"

"I think we shall get a storm within twenty-four hours."

I did not say anything. To get a little exercise I stepped out of the car and strolled up the main track to the little station. I was surprised to find a large gathering of men there.

"What's going on?"

"Have n't you heard? The big strike is on, and all trains on the line have stopped running."

It was true. The greatest railroad strike ever known had begun, and there we were, stranded in that railroad town full of desperate men, and no telling when we could pull out!



I went back to the car and told the rain-maker. He was an old railroad man, and did not seem impressed with the news at all. He said he guessed we would get away when we got ready.

I slept very little that night. I was conscious of strange noises and a feeling that something unusual was going on in the town and around the shop near by.

In the morning we looked out upon the same dusty, bleak, hot prairie. The sun rose hot and burning. There was not a cloud to be seen anywhere. As the day wore on, news of the great strike came over the wires. Not a train went through the town. The railroad men in the shops went out on the strike at noon. Our car was surrounded by a perfect mob of men and boys all day. Some of them made threats against the company's property; but we thought nothing of them. There was a feeling of excitement on all sides.

Just as the sun went down at the close of one of the strangest, driest, hottest days I ever knew, a bank of cloud appeared just above the southwestern horizon. The rain-maker had seen it, but I pointed to it and asked him about it. He replied in a doubtful tone, and at that moment I was amazed to see, coming around the curve beyond the station, a long freight-train.

A tremendous crowd began to stream down to the tracks. In a few minutes it seemed as if every inhabitant of the town was surging about that freight. It had managed in some way to get over the road from the station below. In a very few minutes the mob had uncoupled the engine, after backing the cars upon the siding next to our car. We felt the jar of the cars as they stopped, and we were then pushed slowly up the siding until we were at its extreme end, where we were stopped. It was the evident intention of the strikers to prevent the train from going any farther.

Two hours went by. Meanwhile we had felt obliged to close the doors of our car to shut out the mob; and in the close, hot little room we proceeded to spend the night as comfortably as we could.

I had made my arrangements to sleep, and had, in fact, in spite of the excitement of the

evening, supposed that all was going to settle down again, when a shout outside brought me up standing, and the rain-maker and I pushed open one of the side doors a little way to look out.

A mass of men could be seen gathered about one of the smelters, which was situated a quarter of a mile up the track and close beside it. And as we looked up there, the foremost of them grew more distinct. A pale light glowed over them. It grew brighter, redder. The rails of the track not covered by the mob glistened in it; and soon a stream of flame burst out of a window and ran up one of the gables.

The strikers had fired the smelter! As we watched them and heard their shouts, we grew serious. A large group of men could be seen running down the track toward us. They stopped on the other side of the switch from the siding, and by the light of the burning smelter we could see them tearing up the rails.

Their numbers were increased every moment, and the siding on which the freight-cars stood was soon surrounded by hundreds of excited men.

The rain-maker closed the door and locked it. He then secured the other door in the same way. A small lamp had been burning on a shelf. He blew it out and whispered to me: "It's our best chance of escaping notice. The men are excited; they have been drinking, and there is no telling what they may do, now their blood is up."

So there seemed nothing better to do than to sit down and let events take their course. Ten minutes went by. We felt the noise and confusion outside increasing. Suddenly a strange crash was heard. It sounded close by, but what it was we could not guess. It was followed by another and another, each nearer than the first, and accompanied with great yells and cries.

"What can they be doing?" I could not help asking.

At that instant, before my companion could answer, a peal of thunder rolled over the prairie and above the shouts of the mob. The rain-maker smiled at me, as much as to say, "I told you so"; and what he would have said I do not know, for the next moment we felt the

car sway violently up and down, as if caught on the swell of an earthquake.

The heavy trucks went up on one side, and then came down with a jar that smashed nearly every bottle on the rain-maker's shelves. There was an awful yell from the mob, and again the car rose on one side, as if being lifted by giant hands.

"Great heavens!" cried the rain-maker. "They are trying to tip the car over!"

It was true. The mob had resorted to this method of destroying railroad property, and the crashes we had heard had been made by the overturning of cars. Ours, being like the rest on the outside, may not have been distinguished by the men.

At any rate, we were in the fury of the crowd. We tried in vain to unlock the doors and get out. We screamed and pounded on the doors. But the car rose, swayed on the trucks sickeningly for one second, and then over it went, with us inside!

The crash that followed so stunned me that for a while I did not realize what had happened.

My first return of clear ideas came on finding that I was drenched with water, and dripping as if in a river. I thought at first of the rain-maker, curiously wondering if he thought

this was the scientific way of producing moisture. The tank in the top of the car had broken open, and the water had splashed out all over us.

The side of the car had split in such a way that I was able to crawl up from where I lay and get my head and shoulders out. By this time some of the more sober men in the crowd realized the situation. I was half kindly, half roughly dragged out from the broken car, bruised and bleeding, but with no bones broken. Next I saw the rain-maker standing near the track, his face cut with broken glass, and one arm broken. The colored cook was nearly killed by fright, but he escaped with severe bruises.

I spent the rest of the night in the home of a private citizen who kindly cared for the professor and myself. The strike continued a week longer, and we were unable to get away even if we had felt well enough.

I should say, to make the story complete, that on that memorable evening, about midnight, a tremendous thunder-storm burst over the town, and drenched the country for miles around. My friend the rain-maker claims that storm as the result of his scientific efforts. I have my doubts as to the origin of the rain; but it will probably be a long time before I take another trip with a professional rain-maker.



# The Sultan's Verses



BY TUDOR JENKS.

IN a land so far to the east that it is very warm when the sun rises and quite chilly at sunset, a great Sultan died. His successor happened to be a nephew who lived at some distance—so far away, even from that distant land, that he was n't at all intimate with the late Sultan. In fact, they had met only half a dozen times, at Thanksgiving dinners or similar occasions; and consequently the new Sultan shed no tears to quench his joy upon coming to the throne.

He decided to rule wisely and justly, and therefore was eager to choose the most trustworthy advisers.

When he arrived at his capital he was conducted at once to the palace, and spent the

first day or two in resting from his journey, and making the acquaintance of his courtiers, and buying becoming clothes.

Among these courtiers was the Vizier of the late Sultan, a very gentlemanly old fellow, whose turban and beard were never more impressive than on first meeting.

When the Sultan arose late on the third day, he had decided to begin his reign. So he sent for the old Vizier, to have a private conversation with him in the throne-room.

Both sat down cross-legged, in an attitude that would give American citizens the cramps, and the Sultan opened the little powwow thus:

"Silleh ben Rifraf, I think it is high time that I—that is, we—began our reign."

"Wisdom is heard," replied Rifraf, with the ease and indifference of an old courtier.

"And it strikes me—us," the Sultan went on, "that it is an excellent opportunity for me to have our own way about several little matters that have long been in my mind."

"Your will is the people's law," was Rifraf's safe answer, as he bowed like a china image.

"So I understand," the Sultan assented. "Of course we shall for a while carry on business upon the usual lines, so far as public affairs are concerned. But it is not to public business that we are referring just now."

"Why, indeed?" remarked Rifraf, a little vaguely, as the Sultan paused, for he was thinking of something else. But so was the young Sultan.

"So I say," the Sultan replied. "Now, so far as my own private affairs are concerned, I mean to have my own way about them."

"Yes?"

"Yes. For instance, I have long desired to be a poet," said the Sultan, looking aimlessly at the ceiling.

The Vizier started so abruptly that his turban fell off, and then he, too, looked at the ceiling, until the Sultan should choose to go on.

It was a very embarrassing situation. In all the Vizier's experience nothing just like this had ever presented itself. The old Sultan had been a very sensible man, according to the Vizier's opinion, and had considered poetry—well, he had n't considered it at all. There was a silence that lasted until the bulbul in the blue room had finished a long ditty. Then the Vizier saw it was his move, so to speak, and he took refuge in a proverb—the first that occurred to him: "Cheerfulness is perfectly consistent with piety," he said, shaking his head thoughtfully.



"IN FACT, THE VIZIER HAD HINTED THAT THE YOUNG SULTAN THOUGHT HIMSELF A GENIUS." (SEE PAGE 908.)

"So we think," said the Sultan, "and we shall therefore allow you to conduct the realm about as usual for a short time, while we devote ourselves to poetry."

"Ugh!" exclaimed the vizier, for he could n't help it.

"Excuse me?" said the Sultan.

"Every condition sits well upon a wise man," remarked Rifraf, who was fond of proverbs, especially when he did n't care to commit himself.

"But, though that is all plain sailing," the Sultan went on again, after trying a moment in vain to see what the proverb had to do with the subject, "there is yet some difficulty. That is, to find a competent critic who will show me my faults and point out any little errors that may creep into my hasty lines. Now, if you yourself, Ben Rifraf, should prefer to undertake this responsible post, you can do so."

"My sovereign master," said Rifraf, hastily, "I am an old man. Let me care for the realm, for that trade I have long studied. I would prefer that another should become your Critic and Poetical Adviser—a younger man."

"So be it," answered the young Sultan; "but let me at least read to you one set of verses which I happen to find in my caftan. I would like your judgment upon these lines before you betake yourself to your proper duties. Shall it be so?"

The Vizier saw by the look in the Sultan's eye that the request was a command, and he replied in Oriental phrase that he was most honored by the Sultan's condescension.

So the young Sultan drew out a roll of manuscript, and read as follows:

"Youth is the season for hope;  
Hope befiteth the young.  
Youth has the vigor to cope  
With the woes that the singers have sung.

"Youth has the sparkle of mirth;  
Laughter delighteth the soul;  
Spring is the youth of the earth.  
Merrily let carols roll!"

The Sultan rolled up his manuscript, and looked expectantly at Ben Rifraf.

"What do you think of that?" asked the Sultan. "Give me your candid opinion—as one private gentleman might to another."

Now, the Vizier thought the lines were very poor indeed; but he had often heard that poets were sensitive, and he, therefore, believed he was doing a very wise thing when he replied:

"Oh, your Highness, what thought! what music! How exquisite your rhymes! *Soul* and *roll*—why, it's a perfect rhyme! I think you have chosen wisely indeed, if I may be permitted to praise without the suspicion of flattery."

"Then you really like the little lines?" asked the Sultan, with a smile—a peculiar smile.

"Like them? Why, they should be embroidered with gold thread on silken scarfs! Your Highness is right. You are a Poet. Let me attend to the petty business of governing, and you can give yourself entirely to the sublime art of composition."

"So be it," said the Sultan. "Until I notify you to the contrary, I will leave the reins in your hands. Now, as you will have plenty to attend to, will you kindly summon the Chief Treasurer as you go out? Thank you. *Good morning!*"

The Vizier salaamed, and vanished through the curtained doorway; and the page on duty outside noticed that the old Vizier wore a broad grin as he walked down the arched corridor.

In a few minutes the Sultan heard the jingling of the golden curtain-rings, and beheld the face of the Chief Treasurer, a sedate and dignified man of middle age.

"Enter, Adhem el Shekels," said the Sultan, kindly, "and be seated. I would confer with you."

"My lord, the treasury is well supplied, and the accounts straight—"

"No doubt," interrupted the Sultan; "but I have more important matters—"

"*More* important—" the Treasurer began, so amazed that he forgot his manners.

"Verily," said the Sultan, overlooking the little breach of etiquette. "As the Vizier has no doubt informed you, I intend to devote my own time, for the present, to poetry. He told you so, did he not?"

"Something of the sort, your Highness," replied El Shekels, uneasily, hoping that the Sultan would n't ask him to repeat the Vizier's joking



remarks. In fact, the Vizier had hinted that the young Sultan thought himself a genius.

"I suspected as much," said the Sultan. "And you were surprised, perhaps?"

"Your Highness is the ruler," responded the Treasurer, politely; "but I *was* surprised, I admit. And, to tell the truth, if you will pardon me for saying so, I must say that, as a rule, there is n't much money to be made in poetry. I speak simply as a treasurer, your Highness, not as a critic."

"But I wish your opinion as a critic," the Sultan answered. "The question of providing funds I shall leave to you, for the present, unless I should appoint you to the new office I mean to create—that of Chief Critic and Poetical Adviser."

The face of El Shekels had brightened when the new office was mentioned; but the brightness faded as the sentence ended.

"Your Highness is most gracious; but, if it be your will, I prefer to remain Treasurer."

"As you please," the Sultan replied. "But meanwhile I happen to have in my caftan a copy of verses that I have just completed. If you can spare the time, we shall be glad to have your opinion of them."

"Most certainly, gracious sovereign," was the answer of El Shekels, while his face assumed a weary expression, and he began to do sums in mental arithmetic.

So, drawing forth the precious manuscript, the Sultan began,

"Youth is the season for hope,"

and on he went, reading in a fine, declamatory voice, as if trying to bring out the best points in the verses.

When he concluded he looked at the Chief Treasurer.

"Your Highness, the lines are above praise," said the Treasurer. "I hardly know which part to praise most." (And that was true, for he had n't paid very close attention.) "But I am sure your wisdom has led you aright. Your talents are far beyond my poor criticism. Let another be your Chief Critic; I am content to remain Treasurer."

"It shall be as you say," the Sultan agreed; "at least, for the present. And, as you go out,

will you be kind enough to send us the—ah, what officer comes next to you in rank?"

"The Minister of Justice," answered the Treasurer; "yes, I will see that he comes at once."

"Well," remarked the page at the door, "the new Sultan certainly makes the officers happy! How they do grin when they come back!"

Later in the afternoon the page had reason to repeat this remark with added emphasis; for meanwhile he had admitted the greatest officers of the realm, and all, as they came from their interview with the young sovereign, were adorned by the same self-satisfied grimace.

Stronger and stronger became the page's curiosity to know what it was that made all the courtiers so well satisfied with themselves. For after the first two or three had explained to the rest that "the young Sultan thinks he's a genius in the poetry line, and all you've got to do is to praise his verses and you're sure to keep your place," it was as easy as rolling off a log to go in, hear the verses and express your raptures, and come out in clover.

But no one told the page about all this, and his curiosity about the interviews became very keen. He thought there must be something worth seeing in the throne-room, for, not long after each great official entered, he could hear a murmur of voices, and then such expressions as "Exquisite! Beau-ti-ful!" or, "Perfect—could n't be better!" "Well, well, I *never* did!" "Never was anything like it!"

Strangely enough, the page's curiosity was gratified most unexpectedly.

It was getting late, and the Sultan had seen all the prominent officials of the palace. At length he came to the doorway, and found the page sitting in attendance on rather a thin and hard cushion.

"Why, my boy," said the Sultan, kindly, "you must be worn out. Have you been there all day?"

"All day, your Majesty," the page replied respectfully; "and since your Majesty asks me—I am a little tired."

"Come in," said the Sultan, holding aside the curtain. "You shall rest awhile."

"What!—with your Majesty, in the throne-room?" the boy exclaimed in amazement.

"Certainly. No one need know," answered the Sultan, kindly. "Are you afraid of me?"

"No, your Majesty," said the page, for the Sultan smiled very cordially; and the page entered the throne-room.

"Be seated," said the Sultan; "I command it!" he added, as the boy hesitated. So the page sat down upon a soft, silk cushion.

"I have been writing some verses," said the Sultan, as he bade the boy help himself to the delicious fruits and ices, "and while you refresh yourself I should like to read them to you."

"Your Majesty is very kind," said the page. "But suppose some one should come?"

"No one will come," said the Sultan, decidedly, and he clapped his hands, summoned a slave, and bade him stand sentinel to keep out all intruders.

So, while the boy enjoyed the fruits and ices, the Sultan, for the twentieth time at least, read aloud his precious lines on youth.

When he had finished, he turned to the page, saying: "Now I should like your opinion of the poem."

"But, your Highness, I am too young to criticize your verses," replied the page, uneasily.

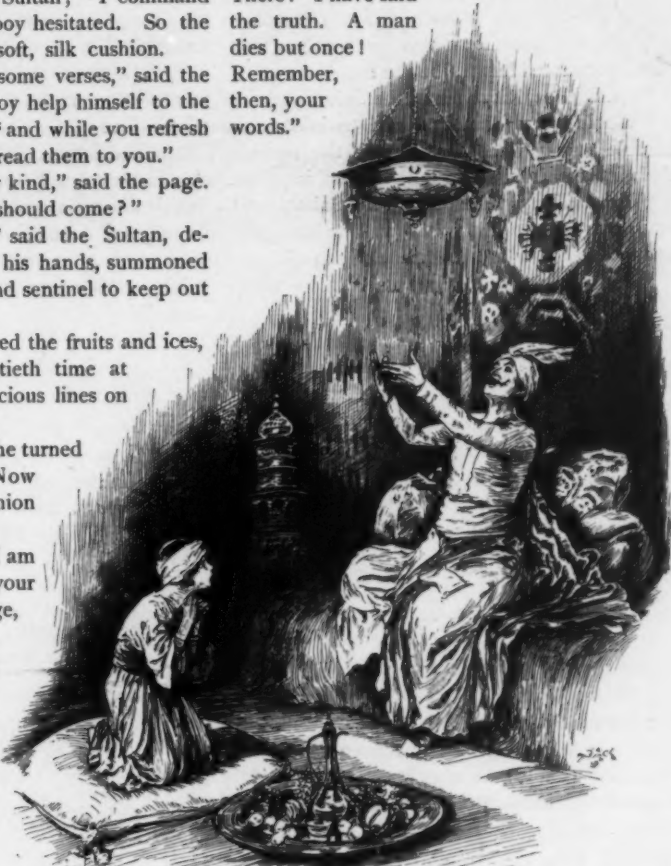
"All nonsense," answered the Sultan, but pleasantly enough. "I see you have an opinion. I desire you to express it freely. Nay, more than that, I command you to do so."

"I must obey, then," said the page, looking very serious. "But if I should incur your Majesty's displeasure, may I beg that you will visit your wrath upon me alone? I have a mother and sister who are dependent upon me—"

"They shall be cared for," said the Sultan, in a solemn tone, "if the need arises. But you make me suspect that my lines do not meet with your approval."

"On your own head be it, Commander of the Faithful!" exclaimed the unhappy page.

"By the Prophet, as I promised my mother that I would tell truth, the lines are the veriest bosh and nonsense! They mean nothing. They do not even sound sensible. They are as unmusical as the braying of a lost donkey! There! I have said the truth. A man dies but once! Remember, then, your words."



"ALLAH BE PRAISED!" CRIED THE SULTAN, "I HAVE FOUND A PEARL!"

"Allah be praised!" cried the Sultan, "I have found a pearl! And all the men of my court declared the lines perfect, beyond praise! Now have I found the honest man I sought."

"But, your Majesty," stammered the astonished page, "I am no more than a boy!"

"Enough!" said the Sultan. "The years will find you wisdom as well as age; but honesty comes not even with long ages if the seed be not already planted. Say not a word."

The Sultan clapped his hands, directed all the courtiers to be summoned, and in their presence appointed the page Chief Councilor and Grand High Vizier of the Realm for life, at the same time investing him with the order of the Golden Sunburst of the East, and a whole row of smaller decorations of different colors.

When this ceremony was over, Silleh ben Rifraf prostrated himself before the throne.

"Speak, Ben Rifraf," said the Sultan.

"Would your Majesty deign to inform his humble slaves what has caused the merited elevation of his favorite?" Ben Rifraf inquired.

"Most willingly," responded the Sultan. "I read my verses to this youth, and he has given upon them the wisest judgment of you all."

"But words cannot say more than we said,"

Ben Rifraf ventured to say. "Did we not praise your Highness's genius?"

"Of a truth you did," replied the Sultan. "Yet were the verses the veriest trash, as ye well knew."

"Most true, O Sultan," came the chorus from the whole court, for they saw the tide had turned.

"And courage to tell this truth was found only in my page, whom I have made Chief Councilor. Enough! The audience is at an end!"

Then, just before the band struck up an inspiring march, the voice of Ben Rifraf was heard reciting a well-known proverb, which in its original Arabic looks like a procession of earthworms, but which means in plain English,

"After-wit is everybody's wit."

## THREE GOOD RECEIPTS.

BY MARION RICHARDSON.

### I.

#### HAPPY-DAY PUDDING.

- 3 Or more children (according to taste).
- 1 Skyful of Sun.
- 1 Lawn (must be fresh and green).
- 4 Trees (shady), fat ones preferred.
- 1 Nurse-maid (out of sight).

Take children and mix well with an armful of dolls, reins, and rubber balls, 1 puppy, 1 tent, and 1 express-wagon. When mixed, sprinkle all over with smiles and a pinch of unselfishness. Keep stirring until sundown. Then take children, put in separate, cool, dark rooms, cover lightly, and leave until morning. Serve with mother's kiss.

### II.

#### RAINY-DAY PIE.

- 2 Plump little Girls (alive).
- 1 Attic.

- 1 Box Chocolates.

- 1 Large Trunk, with stuffing. (Improved by age.)

Garnish plump little girls with chocolates. Dip necks, heads, and claws of same inside of trunk for 2 hours and 30 minutes. If *very* red when taken out, they are well done. Set by window to cool.

### III.

#### DESSERT FOR BOYS.

A fresh bunch of Boys.

- 1 Hot July Noon.
- 1 Shallow Duck-pond.

Peel boys. Cover half over with trunks — *not* tree-trunks. Drop in lukewarm pond, and swash around till well soaked. Then put in hot sun to bake and brown. Serve as deserved.



[This story was begun in the June number.]

#### CHAPTER IV.

ON the third day after his break with Marshall there came to Chester the realization of his position in the camp. He found himself between two opposed sides, one of which, as it seemed to his sensitive fancy, rejected him, and one of which he himself rejected. He wandered about alone. To add to his misfortunes, Mr. Holmes had taken the Rat with him on an errand to the neighboring town, and so Chester was deprived all day long of the presence in camp of the only two persons who could give him comfort. In the morning at the lake, in the afternoon at the ball-field, though he played and swam with the rest, he spoke to few, and few to him. He was pleased for a half hour with the society of some of the little boys, who even in two days had learned to like him because he was kind to them, and he was kind to them because he needed their kindness in return. But they left him on seeing Jim Pierce, who was their old friend, and who, besides, could cause marvelous disappearances of a half dollar. It was a lonely day; Chester wanted to go to Mr. Dean and ask to be sent home.

Toward evening Mr. Holmes returned with Rawson, and it relieved Chester to see their friendly faces once more in camp. But more than that, he found that they brought with them the promise of occupation and interest.

They had gone to make certain preparations for a forthcoming excursion, a trip up the neighboring mountain, visible from the camp. The announcement of this was made by Mr. Holmes at supper. He described the trip, which was to take a day and a night, and on which only the strongest would be allowed to go; explained what they would have to carry; told how they should see the sunset from the summit, and spend the night in a shelter a little way from the top; said that signals would be exchanged with red fire between the boys in the camp and those on the mountain; and finally finished his speech by calling for volunteers.

There was a rush at him of twenty boys, each shouting "I!"

Chester hesitated for a moment, but his desire to go was too great, and in a moment he joined the rest. From the crowd that surrounded him, Mr. Holmes regretfully sent away first one boy and then another, until there were but eleven who remained. Mr. Holmes himself would make a twelfth. The boys were the strongest and most active in camp, all except one who had stood and looked on, as if he had no interest in going.

"Marshall," asked Mr. Holmes, "are you not going with us?"

"No, sir," answered the boy.

"You would better come, my boy," said the master, kindly.

"I have something else to do, sir," he replied respectfully, but quite firmly.

In the morning at eleven the party started, and were accompanied for a mile by the smaller boys. These turning back at last, the adventurers were left to themselves. They walked with steady step, as Mr. Holmes gave them the example. They were fresh and elastic, active and merry; they laughed and told jokes among themselves. Chester was cheerful from the example of the others, who showed no unwillingness to have him among them. The weight of his pack seemed nothing at all. Rawson trudged sturdily at his side, and was full of merriment. The day was bright and clear, and not hot; it seemed as if everything were to be successful.

They reached at two o'clock the entrance to the mountain trail. It was barely an opening in the bushes. At the side of the road there gushed a little spring whose water was led to a drinking-trough farther down the road. "Here we will stop, boys," said Mr. Holmes, "and eat our lunch."

They stopped and ate with relish. Their appetites were the greater that the fare was the simpler and they were the hungrier for their walk. Bread and cheese, sandwiches of butter or meat, disappeared rapidly. Chester, like the rest, disposed of his food with eager appetite. But he was fairly stuck at the end, when he came to a very crusty piece of bread, upon which his teeth slipped. And yet that piece of bread, which ordinarily no one would offer and no one accept, seemed to him just then a proper finish to his lunch. The others were getting ready to move; his knife he had by an oversight left at the camp; he did not know what to do.

Jim Pierce observed his dilemma. "Here, Chester," he said, "use this"; and he handed the boy his large clasp-knife, a valuable one of English make. "Bring it along when you come," added Jim, and he prepared to start up the trail. He left Chester pleased by the little kindness.

One by one the boys disappeared in the bushes, until Chester was left alone, eating.

He finished his last mouthful of bread, shut the knife, and stooped for a drink at the spring, laying down the knife as he did so. Then he rose and put on his pack, and paused

for a moment, looking down at the spot where he had been sitting. Was there not something that he should carry in his hand? No, he saw nothing, and so turned to the bushes and entered upon the trail. The knife lay unnoticed by the spring.

He soon caught up with the others, and followed along at the rear of the line. For half an hour the company wound in single file among trees fit to make masts for the finest ships. In admiration Chester gazed at their straight boles and lofty tops. The ascent was gradual; they were but reaching the mountain proper. At length Mr. Holmes called a halt.

"Five minutes to take breath," he said. "Now the climb begins. For two hours, boys, we shall have hard scrambling."

With what they had done, and what they had yet to do, they were willing to rest, and sat mostly silent, taking breath. Then they rose to continue their journey, and once more put over their heads their rolled blankets. Amid the stir, Jim Pierce approached Chester and asked him for his knife.

"Oh, Jim," cried the boy, in agony, as he suddenly realized what he had done. "I left it at the spring!"

They stood for a moment without speaking. Any other boy but Jim might have covered Chester with reproaches, but Jim was accustomed never to speak without thinking. His silence was to Chester more dreadful than blame; he looked into the face of the big boy, not knowing what to expect.

"Well," said Jim, at last, "perhaps we'll find it in the morning."

"I'll go for it now," said Chester. He laid his pack down.

"You can't," said Jim; "it's a mile behind, and you would only delay us so that we should lose the sunset. We must go on."

"Oh, Jim," cried Chester, "I am so sorry!"

Jim turned away. He felt keenly the loss of the knife, for he was sure that he would never see it again. He was sharply disappointed, yet he managed to say, as he took his place behind Mr. Holmes and George Tenney at the head of the line, "Never mind; but come along, Chester."

That Jim was so kind made Chester's fault



seem the greater. For the second time he saw the last boy disappear from his sight, as he stood thinking. He was overwhelmed at the result of his own carelessness, for the thought in his mind was, "Now Jim will never like me at all!" He thought of buying another knife, but his pocket-money would never buy a knife so fine. He thought of the knife lying at the edge of the spring for the first comer to take, and the thought was too much. He left his pack lying where it was, and saying to himself, "They will not miss me; I will catch them at the summit, and it does not matter if I am late," he turned and ran back down the path.

In half an hour he returned, panting but triumphant, for the knife was in his pocket. Then he picked up his pack and slung it over his shoulder, and hurried on in the steps of the party. The sun seemed yet high; the bright rays streamed through the trees, the sky was blue above. The path grew steep, but Chester climbed it in eager haste, and for nearly an hour toiled unrelaxing. But what does a city boy know of the signs of the woods? At the end of that time he struck into the wrong path.

He did not know that the path branched, there at the foot of a great boulder. He followed around the stone to the right, while the true path led to the left, with the footprints of all his companions scarce showing on the dry, firm moss, and not noticed by his hurrying

glance. He hastened along the new path with undiminished speed. Mr. Holmes or one of the older boys would not have followed it a hundred feet without turning back. The

cobwebs that broke across his face, the very path, untracked by feet since the last rain, would have spoken at once to the senses of an experienced woodsman. But Chester was not such.

Yet, when at last he hesitated and looked for footprints in the path, footprints were there. It seemed to him for a moment that those were not like the marks of boots, even though upon gravel that would take no certain print; and that it was strange that a party of eleven should make so few. But the thoughts took no hold upon his mind. Ah, had Chester only known

upon what sort of trail he was hurrying so confidently!

The boys, he calculated, could not be far ahead of him now, he had come so fast. The thought encouraged him, and, in spite of legs that began to feel the strain, he went unflagging. The path led ever upward, yet was not steep, going now along a gentle incline, now up a quick ascent, now along the hillside on the level. Still the footprints kept the path ahead of him, and a glance at the freshly disturbed gravel reassured him each time that the thought came to him, "If I should lose the path!" As yet, on his eager pursuit, the loneliness of the wilderness had no alarm for him. And so, shifting his pack to relieve each tired



"CHESTER RAISED THE KNIFE AND STRUCK AT THE BEAR."  
(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

shoulder, he still pushed on. But at last he paused, as a sudden shadow seemed to dim the day. He looked up. Bright blue was still the cloudless sky overhead, and the sun was lingering upon the tree-tops. But it only reached their tops, and the shadows fell very obliquely. Chester saw with sudden dismay that the evening was close at hand.

Silently passes the day in the woods, while each incident serves but to make its passage seem the longer. Silently comes the evening, but it hurries, and no hurry of our own will help us to forestall it. In ten minutes more Chester saw that the sun had left the tops of the trees. Still he hurried on. "The others will see the sunset," he thought. "They have not waited for me, and must be at the summit now." So, pushing onward in the path, yet now beginning to slacken speed, he passed another hour of earnest climbing. By that time he saw that the sun had left the heavens. "I *must* be there soon," he said. He looked ever upward through the trees, hoping to catch a glimpse of the mountain-top above him. At last the trees were thinner in one spot, to which the path led. He saw that there was a look-off, and hurried toward it. He found himself suddenly on a broad shelf of mossy rock, the brink of a precipice. Below him was a magnificent ravine, mysterious in the gathering dusk; beyond it rose a mountain-peak in majesty. Chester looked at it in terror. He knew its aspect well; that was the peak which he had meant to climb.

He was lost!

His low cry of dismay was answered by a sound from behind. Something was moving in the bushes. He drew back in alarm from them, and stood a few feet away, his back to the precipice. Instinctively he thought of his only weapon, the knife, and he drew it out and opened it as a stick cracked near him. Then the bushes moved to right and left in front of him, and a great black head and shoulders, with eyes of jet and long snout, all in glossy black fur, pushed out from the green leaves. A bear! Chester stepped back as far as he dared. The black nose wrinkled at him inquiringly; the little shiny eyes were fastened upon his; the bear did not know what

he was. It came wholly out from the bushes and pushed up to him, an enormous creature, smelling of pine-needles and the soft mold of the woods. Its shoulders were as high as Chester's own, and it thrust its muzzle, snuffing, into Chester's face.

Better bear than precipice! Behind the boy was a fall of two hundred feet, and certain death. He stood straight for a moment, not daring to move; but then he thought of his father, and that a man should be brave. In anger at the head so close to his own, he raised the knife and struck. There was a sudden snort and smothered yelp; the bear turned with a rush and plunged into the bushes; there was a single crash of breaking branches, and all was silence.

How was Chester to know—he knew so little of the woods—that a frightened bear goes as invisible as the breeze, and as silent? To him it seemed that the bear had stopped just beyond the screen of bushes. In a moment it would come back, and then! He stood gripping the knife, conscious of the great gulf at his back, straining his eyes at the bushes in front of him. Five, ten minutes passed in quiet. Then a cry which echoed through the woods, so that a faint reply came from the mountain-side beyond, came to Chester's ear. But it was distant, and his thoughts were on the present and the very near. It came closer, and still he did not notice it. Then silence; and suddenly from close at hand he heard: "Chester! Oh, Chester!"

"Here!" answered he, in sudden joy, with all his strength.

"Where?"

"Here!" he answered. "But keep away—the bear!"

There was a rushing of feet, and Mr. Holmes, followed by others, burst through the bushes on him. But catching the boy's last words, and seeing him standing with the knife in his hand, the master quickly took from his pocket a revolver, and approached the bushes at the spot where Chester pointed. He showed no fear, and said, "There will be no bear here, my boy."

"Give me the knife, Chester," said Jim, and took it, and, with George Tenney, who had

the ax, following the master, they entered the bushes. But there was no bear, nor a sign, nor a trace, and the three, whom Chester had followed, though trembling, came back to the rock at the edge of the precipice. Willing to keep together, with occasional glances over their shoulders, the remaining boys gathered around them in a close group.

"Are you sure that there was a bear?" asked

Jim displayed the open blade, and on the point was a spot of blood.

"I could not get away," said Chester, in explanation, and he pointed to the gulf. But suddenly, as the memory of his lonely climb and his danger rushed over him, he turned to Mr. Holmes with tears in his eyes, and cried:

"I am glad you have come!"

"I am glad, too," said the master, kindly,



"THE BOYS GATHERED AROUND THE FIRE." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

Mr. Holmes, putting his revolver away again. "Did you see him, Chester?"

"I saw him," answered Chester, "and I felt his wet nose. He was so near he breathed in my face. Look at the point of the knife."

"and that you are not hurt. But, my dear boy,"—and he put his hands on Chester's shoulders and looked him in the face,— "why did you lead us such a chase?"

Chester dropped his head, for his fault was

plain to him. He had spoiled the climb of all the boys; he had spoiled the trip—by his carelessness first, then by his wilfulness. He did not know what to say, and looked at the ground.

"You know, Chester," said Mr. Holmes's grave voice, "that you ought to have obeyed Jim, especially as it was his knife, and he was willing to lose it. What will you say to all the boys who have lost their climb?"

"I don't know," said Chester, stupidly. It was true—he ought to have obeyed Jim.

"We discovered that you were not with us, and Jim said that you must have gone back. We waited for nearly an hour, and then I thought that you must have taken this path, which leads only here, to this view. So we had to follow you. What will you say, Chester?" asked Mr. Holmes.

Tears stood in Chester's eyes. Would he always bungle, even when he meant well? "I am very sorry," he said.

"Well," said Mr. Holmes, kindly, "nothing can be done now. It is already evening. Come, boys," he said, as he turned away, "let us clear off this place and make it fit for our camp. We can sleep on the moss and cut wood for a fire."

The boys began at once, and Chester, inspired with the one idea of being helpful and submissive, worked harder than the rest. Rubbish was cleared from the broad rock; wood was cut and carried, blankets were unrolled and spread out, ready for sleep; food was laid out for supper. As the dusk increased, the crackle of dry twigs was heard blazing, and then, as if to greet their fire, the moon rose over a ridge, and lighted up their camping-place and the mountain-side beyond. Mr. Holmes at last called all to supper.

The evening was not cold, but the fire was cheerful; the boys gathered around it, and it comforted Chester, who placed himself on the outside of the ring, that the Rat came and sat close beside him. They ate for a while in silence, being tired, but then the food quickened their spirits, and they began to talk. Some one asked Chester about the bear, and the boy, glad though he would have been to remain unnoticed, had to tell the whole story.

Mr. Holmes was willing to turn the boys' minds from the subject of bears. "How bright the moonlight is!" said he, when Chester finished. "See, boys, how clear everything is across the ravine."

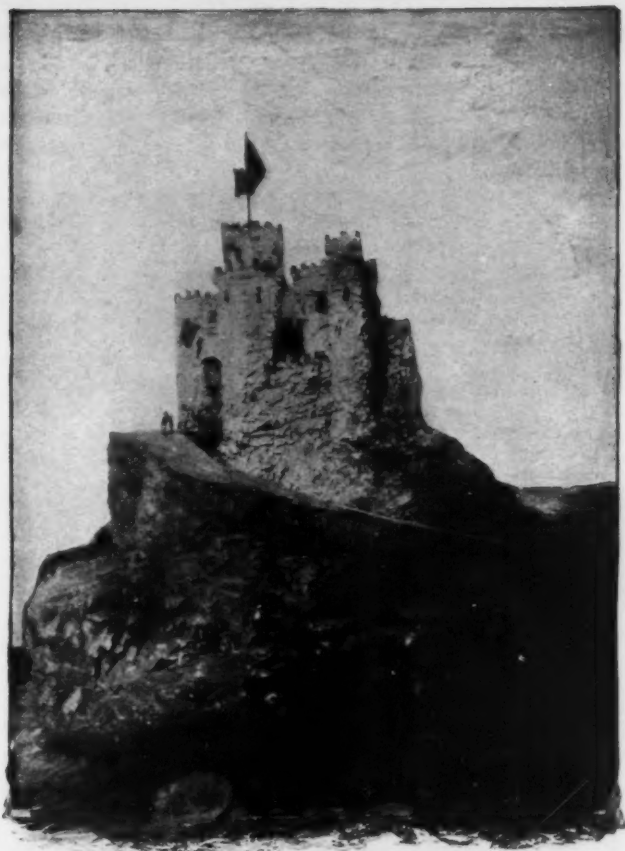
They turned and looked. It was a wonderful scene. Except below, where the bottom of the gorge was still in shadow, the whole place was lighted up by the moon. It was a thousand feet across the ravine, yet each pine-top, symmetrical and sharp, was clear in the moonlight. There were thousands, millions of them, planted thickly, growing out of the deep darkness hundreds of feet below, climbing up, up, along the sides of the mountain, clothing it thickly, forming a forest so great that one hesitated to guess the number of trees. Thousands of acres of fine forest-land were visible on the broad side of the old mountain, yet in the bright light every tree was discernible, its fine, sharp point clear against the shadow it cast.

Out of the great forest, where not a human soul wandered, where, except for pleasure-seekers like themselves, not a human being would come in months, rose the blunt mountain-peak. Far above the boys the trees grew smaller, then scrubby, and above the scrub showed the bare stone ridges of the rain-washed summit. The moonlight silvered the top, and cast its heavy shadows into crevices. How fine if they were there! One boy sighed at the thought. And below the summit a considerable distance, yet not among the trees, a tiny building showed itself, with its shadow on the rocks behind it. "See," said George Tenney, "there is the shelter." And all, for a moment, strained their eyes at the little house so clearly visible.

Suddenly, as they looked, came an exclamation from Mr. Holmes, so startling that they looked at him in amazement. He had risen to his feet and was pointing. "See, see!" he cried, "the shelter!"

They looked again, half frightened at the meaning in his voice. Above them the shelter still stood in the calm moonlight. What could be the matter?

"Boys," cried Mr. Holmes, in the same alarming tones, "the shelter is moving!"



"THE APPROACH TO THE CASTLE IS BY A CAUSEWAY." (SEE PAGE 919.)

## A MINIATURE CASTLE.

BY ELLEN GARNETT.

WHILE spending the summer of 1897 at Earlehurst, Virginia, amid the wild and rugged scenery of the Alleghany Mountains, two young ladies, who were fond of exploring the beautiful country, were seated one afternoon at the base of a waterfall. Being deeply impressed by the beauty of the spot, one exclaimed: "How charmingly romantic! I can almost believe that Flora MacIvor will any instant appear seated on that moss-covered rock, discoursing sweet music on her harp."

"The spray from the falls will cause her

harp-strings to break if she sits so near," replied the other. "There 's her rock!—the great gray boulder overhanging the pool."

Carried away by such romantic thoughts, they began to build an imaginary castle, peopled with baron and serf, besieged and defended, of a captive princess and valiant warrior knights.

"Let 's make one!" they cried. Accordingly, the next day the undertaking was begun.

A large purplish boulder, overgrown with moss and lichen, on the lawn of Earlehurst,



the summer home of the builders, was selected as the site on which to construct this miniature castle. Building material then became a serious question. Rocks there were in plenty, but sand for the mortar had to be carried for some distance.

Tools were limited, and using a screw-driver in lieu of a chisel to enlarge the slight indentation in the foundation-rock, which was designed to be the dungeon, proved but slow work.

This task accomplished, a square box was placed over the excavation, in which were cut openings for windows and a door. The windows—eighteen in all—were put together with greatest care, every stout wooden frame being crossed and re-crossed with a heavy

wire to imitate gratings, then built in the stone walls over the openings. They vary in style and size, from the large casements in the protected parts of the structure to the small windows in the watch-towers. After the box had been built over on all sides with rocks, held in place by mortar, another smaller box was placed on top of it, and covered in like manner. Both were first roofed with tin to prevent leaking; but this has been carefully concealed. There are also

hidden drains both in the castle and causeway. The towers are built solid, except behind the windows, where spaces are left to give the effect of rooms. The "workmen" experienced great difficulty in finding the necessary number

of properly shaped stones for the battlements, which required such exactness. Every one on the place was requested to look out for small square stones, and walking parties armed with baskets were often formed for the sole purpose of securing building material. One of the "hod-carriers" became so enthusiastic that she carried a heavy load of stones for two miles on an August afternoon! As the structure progressed, a keen interest was taken in it



VIEW OF THE LITTLE CASTLE, SHOWING THE APPROACH AND DRAWBRIDGE.

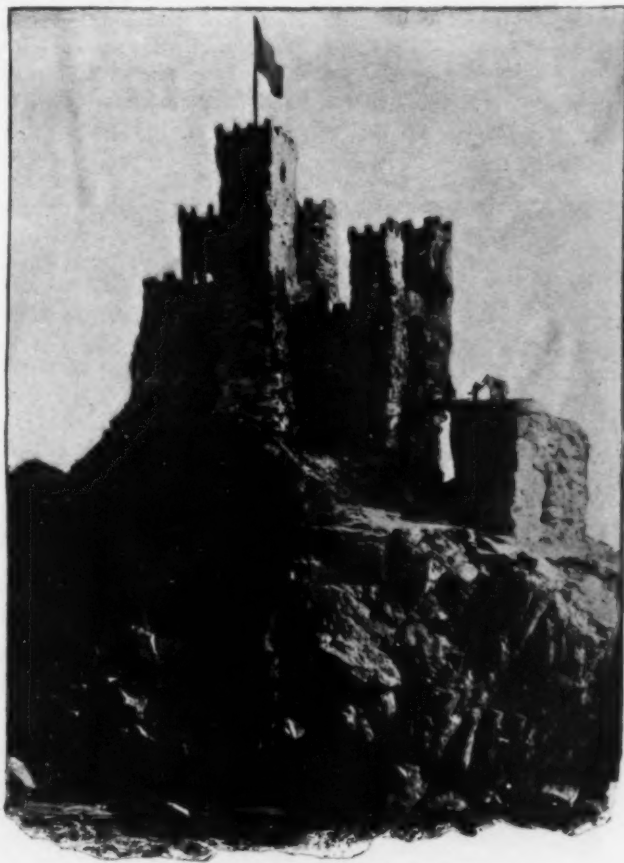
by all the neighborhood, and there were many visitors to view the unique little building, several of whom contributed bits of rock from different places of interest in Virginia. One mountaineer who came to pass judgment on the work could not conceal his disdain, and blurted out: "There ain't no use for you-all to work on that little house; the snow 's going to melt them chimbleys, sure!" He referred to the towers. Another man of the same kind looked on at

the building for some time with a pitying smile, and said: "What a shame them two young ladies is childish!" It was afterward learned that he regarded the builders as harmless lunatics. After four months of not interrupted labor the castle was finished. One of the architects carved little figures out of wood, and dressed them to represent the household of a baron. The knights are clothed in tin-foil armor, each carrying a lance and battle-ax; all the ladies are arrayed in brightly colored silks. An armed sentry stands on guard in each watch-tower, and a captive princess peeps through the bars of a lofty casement, imploring aid from every brave knight-

errant. The photographs perfectly represent the architectural construction of the castle. Its height is about two feet and a half, and the rock on which it stands measures ten feet in circumference, and is three feet high. The approach to the castle is by a causeway rising gradually from the ground at the rear, and forming a semicircle of wall until it reaches the entrance-gate, where it stops abruptly. Across the space between the castle walls and the

causeway is thrown a drawbridge, which can be raised or lowered by its iron chains at a moment's notice. A portcullis and two watch-towers guard this entrance to the courtyard, which lies within, surrounded on all sides by

high walls. Across the courtyard on both sides, opposite the watch-towers, rise the two high towers, the round tower being on the right hand, near which is the postern leading into the strong keep. Through this portal there are glimpses of tapestried walls, canopied chairs, and the long banquetting-board. Over this hall rises the main tower. A group of figures can be seen in one picture just at the drawbridge. On the platform of the



NEARER VIEW, FROM THE BACK OF THE BUILDING.

causeway stands the handsomely caparisoned war-steed of a knight who has just dismounted to pay his respects to the lord and lady of the castle. They wait to receive him at the entrance-gate, surrounded by their household retinue. A diminutive page, clad in silken doublet and hose, stands at the horse's bridle, while beyond in the courtyard can be caught a glimpse of the fool's motley. The banner, which floats from the highest tower,

has the armorial bearing, or, a lion rampant, gules, that is, a rampant red lion on a yellow field. The same standard waves proudly over the great gate.

In the original photographs, from which the illustrations were made, a sheet stretched on poles and held behind the castle to give the effect of sky slightly mars the pictures; but this was done to hide the true background, an unpicturesque whitewashed fence. As this

structure is built in the heart of the mountains, it is necessary to protect it from the winter storms with a stout covering of boards; but these are removed in the spring, and last year it needed but slight repairing. It may safely be stated that nowhere else in the United States is to be found a medieval castle maintained in all the grandeur of the feudal days. May it long stand, a testimony to the originality, skill, and ingenuity of two Virginia girls!



A COLLISION: AND THE LITTLE BOAT WINS!

## BOOKS AND READING.

### OLD TIMES AND NEW.

IN some parts of Greenland wood is so great a rarity that every bit is a treasure, to be carefully kept until a use for it is found; in some of our new States wood is so abundant that it must be burned to get it out of the way. The world of books in our great-grandfathers' times offers as great a contrast to the book-world of our own day.

Every book was then a treasure, for which a use was to be found. Now it would not be a grave misfortune if many books were destroyed—providing the books chosen for destruction were justly condemned.

There are few volumes that do serious harm, but still fewer that are worth reading; and to find the good ones young readers must learn to profit by advice. Go to some one in whom you have confidence, and tell what kind of books you prefer. No subject is without its literature, and you will find books telling exactly what you wish to know—be it the running of a locomotive or the folk-lore of the flowers in your garden.

### READING WITH A PURPOSE.

THE delights of reading are much increased when the mind is prepared beforehand. To wander about a library, taking down this book or that without especial choice, is certainly pleasant at times. Much pleasanter it is to begin with the idea of keeping to one purpose, and to make your reading a hunt—either for a single item, or for all of a certain species.

Did you ever read Darwin's book on earthworms? There are few better illustrations of the profit won by studying a single subject with thoroughness, and of the great results that come from small, unnoticed causes.

Sir John Lubbock's studies on "Bees, Ants, and Wasps" will prove more interesting to some young folk than any made-up stories.

### HAVING A SPECIALITY.

So soon as you find one subject more interesting to you than any other, it will be wise, while not neglecting other good things, to read

whatever relates to that. Deeds of heroism, for instance, may especially appeal to you. Miss Yonge's "Book of Golden Deeds" is a good collection, meant for young readers. Many accounts of shipwreck—such as the great storm at Samoa—will add new elements to your collection. Every war yields a rich crop of heroes, and great disasters by flood and field often are the back-grounds for shining examples of bravery and self-sacrifice.

A little note-book may be used either to copy such incidents, or to index them, if they occur in books or magazines to which you have access.

The "Percy Anecdotes" are a rich collection of classified stories and items, into which it is delightful to dip when in search of real happenings.

### SCRAP-BOOKS.

DON'T be afraid to keep scrap-books, providing you have good judgment in selection. A good scrap-book is as valuable as a poor one is worthless. If you begin young enough to keep whatever relates to a few subjects that are sure to retain their interest, you cannot fail to make a collection that will some day be worth all the trouble it has cost. Fashions change, and what once was common becomes rare and, possibly, valuable. Speaking of fashions, what seem less worth preservation than fashion-plates? They are usually poorly drawn, absurdly exaggerated, and trivial. Yet, in twenty or thirty years, a collection even of old fashion-plates becomes quaint, amusing, and historically valuable. Book-reviews, read in the light of later years, gain immensely in interest. Whether a book becomes a classic or loses an undeserved reputation, the first reviews of it are entertaining to those who read the book in later years. Even old school-books become, in time, full of a strange romance, and so it is with old maps, school-fellows' sketches, caricatures, programs, bills of fare, advertisements, portraits—anything and everything connected with the life of past years.

Do not collect *everything*, and do not hurry

to give a permanent place to your collections; but begin in the days of your youth, if you intend to collect anything.

**"SOME DAY."**

WHAT a surprise it would bring to us all if "some day" should come! What an amount of excellent books we should have to begin! How systematically we should read them, and how painstakingly! Only as one grows older is the discovery made that "some day" means every day, or any day; that if we are to read the really good books, they must be begun on the rainy Saturday or the holiday for which no other amusement offers. Children have plenty to do with their brains and eyes, it is true; yet one of their duties is to make wise preparation for the life of the intellect and imagination—to train their thoughts as they train their muscles, to meet the needs of life.

Fortunately, the best reading is really the "most fun"; only poor books are truly dull.

**"DOCTORS DIFFER."**

ONE of the best things about reading is that it teaches early the lesson that even the wisest differ among themselves. Some of the great philosophers hold one set of opinions. Other philosophers, no less great, hold another set of views they urge with equal skill. The lesson that printed words may be foolish or misleading can hardly be learned too early. You will never be able to think clearly and with purpose until you can read both sides of a question and decide between them. Read what Thomas Hughes says in "Tom Brown" about the English "fagging" at the public schools, and then see what an American boy can find to say on the other side. Read what he says about fighting, and see whether he is right in his views on that subject. And how about the question of "hazing" in our own schools and colleges?

**GIRLS' BOOKS.**

WHAT are the best books for young girls, of different ages? Are the boys' books better than those written for their sisters? Is there any book about a good, average, every-day sort of girl heroine?—a girl such as "Tom Bailey" is a boy? What is the favorite book of girl readers? Have they any book as universally read as "Robinson Crusoe"? We should like to hear from our readers in answer to these questions.

**CHRISTIAN NAMES.** FEW boys and girls take the trouble to find out the meaning of their own given names; and yet there is much romance and history, many a queer legend or moving story, connected with the commonest of these.

John, Thomas, James, Walter, Mary, Jane, Dorothy, Elizabeth—all these did not come ready-made out of the sky. They grew up in strange ways, were in fashion or out of use at one time or another, were changed, shortened, lengthened, with good reason or none. The commonest names often contain the most history, and will richly repay a little study.

Take Thomas, for instance, and beginning with Thomas Didymus and Thomas à Becket, see how the name in Italian changed its form, and gave rise to Masaccio and Masaniello. How many Toms know that their name means "a twin"?

The name Mary is one of disputed origin. Some say it means "their rebellion"; others derive it from Marah, "bitterness"; while yet other authorities connect it with the word *mar*, "the sea." And how many nicknames have come from it: Maria, Marion, Moll, Molly, Polly, Malkin, Mawkes, May, in English; Marie, Manon, Mariette, in French; Marietta, Mariuccia, in Italian; and ever so many in other languages.

Bridget means "shining, bright"—but surely not all the Bridgets live up to the name!

What is a marionette?

Miss Yonge's book on "Christian Names" will tell you many interesting facts about the history of your name. The subject of surnames is still more absorbing. An Englishman once wrote a delightful essay about the reflections suggested by the three names on a visiting-card which was all a traveler found to read during a long and commonplace railway journey.

**AS TO PRIZES.**

SOME time ago a few small prizes were offered in this department for lists of books suitable for young folks' reading. Thousands of answers were received. If similar questions are asked without the prize-offers some few readers respond—but only a few. We should like to hear from readers of the department even when no prizes are offered; for we are sure that the



winning or losing of a small money-prize is of little moment to most of the contestants.

We are glad to hear from our readers, whether they agree with what is published in this department or hold views at variance with those here expressed. Tell us what you think of new books, or of old ones; of what you approve or would recommend. Send in questions, that

they may be answered or may be submitted to other readers.

Let us have suggestions of topics to be treated in this department. Lists of good books are always useful, but the prize competition proved that, so far as most books go, the opinions of our readers did not differ very widely as to the best books for children's reading.

## SOME LITERARY CATS.

BY HELEN M. WINSLOW.

It has often been said that poets and artists, as well as the most refined women, are cat-lovers. There is something about the cats' soft, quiet ways, their dignified reserve, their graceful curves, and their artistic poses that appeals to all lovers of the beautiful in nature.

Miss Sarah Orne Jewett is a cat-lover, and the dear old country-women down in Maine, whom one loves to encounter in her stories, usually keep a cat, though theirs are only the farmer's plain useful cats.

"I look back over a long line of cats," says she; "from a certain poor 'Spotty,' who died in a fit under the library window when I was less than five years old, to a lawless, fluffy coon-cat now in my possession. I shall tell you of two in particular: one the mortal enemy and the other

the friend of my dog 'Joe.' I may mention, by the way, that Joe and I grew up together, and were fond companions until he died of

far too early old age, and left me to take my country walks alone.

"'Polly,' the enemy, was far the best mouser of all—quite the best business cat we ever had, with an astonishing intellect and shrewd way of gaining her ends. She caught birds and mice as if she foraged for our whole family. She had an air of responsibility, and a certain impatience of interruption and interference, such as I have never seen in any other cat, and a scornful way of sitting before a person with fierce eyes and a quick ominous twitching of the tail. She seemed to be measuring one's incompetence as a mouse-catcher in these moments, or else to be saying to herself:

"'What a clumsy, stupid person! How little she

knows, and how I should like to scratch her and hear her squeak!'

"I sometimes felt as if I were a larger sort of helpless mouse in these moments. But some-



"BABYLON." (OWNED BY MR. STEDMAN.)

times Polly would be more friendly, and even jump into one's lap, when it was a pleasure to pat her hard little head with its exquisitely dark tortoise-shell fur. Polly was a small cat to have so great a mind. She looked quite round and kittenish as she sat before the fire in a rare moment of leisure; but when she walked abroad, she stretched out long and thin, and held her head high over the grass as if she were threading a jungle. If she lashed her tail, one turned out of her way instantly. If she crossed the room and gave you a look, you rose and opened a door for her. She made you know what she wanted as if she had the gift of speech. At most inconvenient moments you would go out through the house and find a bit of fish or open the cellar door. You recognized her right to appear at night on your bed with one of her long-suffering kittens, which she had brought in out of the rain, out of a cellar window and up a lofty ladder, across the wet, steep roof, down through a scuttle into the garret, and still down into warm shelter. Here Polly would deposit the kitten, and scurry away upon some errand that must have been like a border fray of old times.

"She used to treat poor Joe with sad

cruelty, giving him a sharp blow on the nose that made him meekly stand back and see her add his supper to her own. A child once complained that 'pussy had pins in her toes.' No-

body knew this better than Joe. At last he sought revenge. I was writing at my desk, one day, when he suddenly appeared, grinning in a funny way he had, and wagging his tail until he enticed me out to the kitchen. There I found Polly on the cook's table, gobbling away on some chickens which were waiting to be put in the oven. I caught and cuffed her, and she fled, tamed and subdued for once, though she was usually so quick that nobody could administer justice on these depredations of a well-fed cat. Then I turned and saw poor old Joe dancing about the kitchen in perfect delight.

"He had been afraid to touch Polly himself, but he knew the difference between right and wrong, and had called me to see what a wicked cat she was, and to give him the joy of looking on at the well-deserved flogging.

"It was the same dog who used at odd times to be found under a table where his master had sent him for punishment, in his young days of lawless puppyhood, for chasing the neighbors' young chickens.

"These sins had been long overcome, but sometimes in his later years Joe's conscience would trouble him,—we never knew why,—and then he would go un-

der the table of his own accord, and would remain there looking repentant and crestfallen, till some sympathetic friend would bid him come out and be patted and consoled.



"PUNCH" AND "JUDY." (OWNED BY MISS WILKINS.)

"After such a housemate as Polly, Joe found great amends in our next cat, yellow 'Danny,' the most amiable and friendly pussy that ever walked on four paws. He took Danny to his heart at once. They used to lie in the sun together, with Danny's yellow head on the dog's big paws, and I used sometimes to meet them walking, as coy as lovers, side by side up the garden walk. When I could not help laughing at their sentimental and conscious air they would turn aside into the bushes for shelter. They respected each other's suppers, and ate together on the kitchen hearth, and took exceeding comfort in close companionship. Danny was much beloved by all the family, especially poor Joe, who must sometimes have had the worst of dreams about the days of old Polly and her sharp, unsparing claws."

Miss Mary E. Wilkins also is a great admirer of cats. "I adore cats," she said to me. "I don't love them as well as dogs, because my own nature is more after the lines of a dog's; but I adore them. No matter how tired or wretched I am, a pussy-cat sitting in a doorway can divert my mind. Cats love one so much — more than they will admit; but they have so much wisdom, they keep it to themselves."

Miss Wilkins's "Augustus" was moved with her from Brattleboro, Vermont, after her father's death, when she went to Randolph, Massachusetts, to live. He had been the pet of the family for many years, but he came to an untimely end. "I hope," says Miss Wilkins, "that people's unintentional cruelty will not be remembered against them." At Randolph

she has had two lovely yellow-and-white cats, "Punch" and "Judy." The latter was cruelly shot by a neighbor, but the right-hand cat, with the angelic expression, still survives. "I am sure," says Miss Wilkins, "he loves me better than anybody else, although he is so very close about it. Punch Wilkins boasts one accomplishment: he can open a door having an old-fashioned latch; but he cannot shut it."

In Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton's Boston drawing-room her pet cat, "King Richard Cœur de Lion," is nearly always present, sitting on the big square piano, amid a lot of other celebrities. The autographed photographs of distinguished litterateurs, however, lose nothing from the proximity of Mrs. Moulton's Maltese pet, who has been with



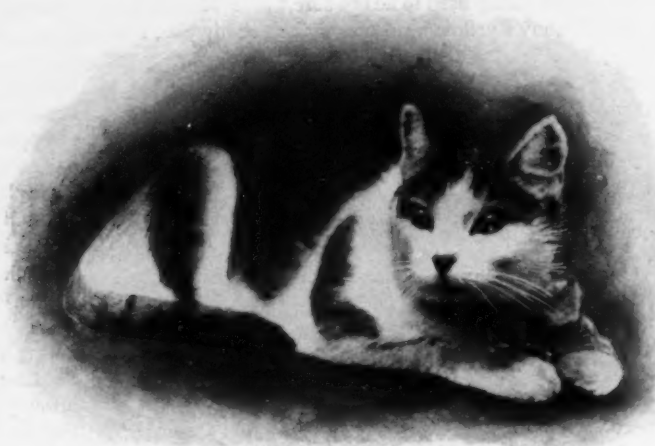
"RICHARD CŒUR DE LION." (OWNED BY MRS. MOULTON.)

her for eleven years, and has hobnobbed familiarly with many of the "lions" who have visited Boston, since most of them find their way to this room. If there are flowers in the room, Richard's nose hovers over them in perfect delight. Indeed, his mistress's fondness for flowers is a constant source of contention between them, as she sometimes fears that he may knock her many souvenirs of foreign people and places to the floor in his eagerness to climb wherever flowers are put. He is as dainty about his eating as he is in his taste for the beautiful, scorning beef and mutton as fit only for common clay, and choosing like any gourmet to eat only the breast of chicken or bird, and bits of fish or lobster.

When Richard first came to Mrs. Moulton she owned a small dog, and the animals became fast friends; and that he was a close observer was proved by the way the cat used to

wag his tail in the same fashion, and apparently for the same reasons, as the dog. After several years the dog died, and the fashion of tail-wag-

knows as much as any of us," Mrs. Stedman says. "He despises our other cats, but he is very friendly with human beings, and makes friends



"AUGUSTUS." (OWNED BY MISS WILKINS.)

ging went out, so far as Richard Cœur de Lion was concerned.

Although in other days many noted men were devoted to cats, I do not find our men of letters especially fond of them.

Mr. William Dean Howells says: "I never had a cat, pet or otherwise. I like them on general principles, but know nothing of them."

Thomas Bailey Aldrich has known only one cat—the one in a book he translated from the French of Bédollière.

Colonel Higginson confesses to a great fondness and admiration for cats; while those who are familiar with Charles Dudley Warner's "My Summer in a Garden" need not be reminded of the cat "Calvin" and his interesting traits.

Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman is a genuine admirer of cats, and evidently knows how to appreciate them at their full value. At his home near New York he and Mrs. Stedman have "Babylon," a fine large Maltese, who attracted a great deal of attention at the New York cat show of 1895. Their "Kelpie" took a prize at that show, and is a handsome, long-haired blue cat. Babylon, like many other Maltese cats, is remarkably intelligent, and is looked upon as quite one of the family. "He thinks he

easily with strangers. He is always near the dinner-table at meal-times, and expects to have his share handed to him carefully. He has his corner in the study, and has superintended a great deal of literary work."

Probably few American cats have been more written about than Miss Mary L. Booth's "Muff." At Miss Booth's Saturday evenings Muff was always a prominent figure, dressed in a lace collar brought him from South America by Mme. le Plongeon, and elaborate and expensive enough for a duchess. Muff enjoyed the society of literary people as well as any one. Who knows but that he found much to amuse him in their conversation, and, under the guise of apparent friendliness with scientists, poets, musicians, and writers, was secretly laughing at them?

"For when I play with my cat," says Montaigne, "how do I know whether she does not make a jest of me?"

Muff was another of those great, handsome Maltese fellows with white paws and breast, mild, amiable, and intelligent. He always felt he must help entertain Miss Booth's guests; and more than once at a reception did he walk into the drawing-room with a mouse in his mouth as his offering to the occasion!

## HUNTING WITH A CAMERA.

BY A. HYATT VERRILL.

WHEN the readers of ST. NICHOLAS who are amateur photographers have become sufficiently skilled in the art to develop their own plates or films and tone their own prints, they doubtless will have tired of snapping anything and everything, and will look about for new subjects more worthy of their skill. Of all nature's handiwork, is there anything more beautiful and interesting than our furred and feathered companions of wood and wayside?

Unfortunately, they are all too few, and every year their numbers are decreasing. Milliners, sportsmen, cats, and their wild enemies, not to mention the unthinking boy with gun or sling, all help to aid the ruthless slaughter. How much better and more beautiful is a good photograph of a wild bird in the full enjoyment of its life and freedom than a distorted skin adorning a lady's bonnet, or a stuffed and mounted caricature wired to an impossible perch! Moreover, each such picture is a pleasant reminder of days spent in sunny fields and shady grove with camera in place of gun, and the sweet breath of nature filling our lungs. To obtain satisfactory photographs of living birds is no easy matter, however, and to secure the finest results requires a suitable outfit. No cheap snap-shot camera will answer; the best is the cheapest in the end, and the best for this purpose is a  $4 \times 5$  or  $5 \times 7$  long-focus folding camera, fitted with pneumatic shutter and a strictly first-class lens, in addition to which one must purchase a telephoto attachment, as otherwise the picture of the bird would appear so small as to be worthless. Personally, I use a  $4 \times 5$  "telephoto cycle Poco," and Bausch & Lomb telephoto lens, and Standard "Imperial Portrait" plates. Having secured our outfit, let us be fully acquainted with its manipulation before essaying portraits of our feathered friends. You will notice that the telephoto lens has a rack

and pinion for adjusting the degree of magnification. As the amount the image is magnified reduces the light passing through the camera-lens in direct proportion, a longer exposure is necessary when using it, and as practically instantaneous exposures are essential, it is rarely possible to use more than the 4 magnification, or a shorter exposure than one fifth of a second. Now, take your camera, with telephoto attached, to some sunny spot, and focus carefully on various objects at one hundred, fifty, twenty-five, fifteen, ten, and six feet distant, and mark an accurate focusing-scale on the camera for use with the telephoto at both 3 and 4 magnifications.

Everything now being in readiness, and the holders filled with plates, we will start on our hunting trip. Perhaps, as we are passing along



"HE EYES US RATHER SUSPICIOUSLY." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

the pleasant country road we notice a modest gray cat-bird among the tangle of weeds and bushes that half conceal the old rail fence. He is a good subject to begin on, and as we quietly open the camera and withdraw the slide from





"CHICKADEES MAKE CHARMING SUBJECTS."

plate-holder, he eyes us rather suspiciously, as if half suspecting it to be some newfangled sort of gun. Adjust your camera for ten feet, and if you can approach to within that distance, make your exposure. The chances are, however, that he will hop about, disappear in the bushes, reappear in another spot, and lead you a merry chase indeed before allowing his portrait to be taken. Do not become discouraged, however, but stick to it, and seek to win his confidence until you succeed. It frequently happens that if you select a good spot and sit quietly, your subject's curiosity will be aroused, and he will approach to within a few feet of you. Do not endeavor to photograph birds smaller than a song-sparrow, unless of some particularly unsuspicious species, as, for instance, the chickadee. These little fellows make charming subjects, and will almost invariably permit one to approach close enough to secure a good picture. The black-and-white warbler is another small bird who can be successfully photographed, and his sharply contrasted dress of black and white gives a striking and pleasing effect in the picture.

The Peabody-bird or white-throated sparrow is a first-class subject, and his clear, distinct markings are particularly well suited to photography. They are northern birds, appearing in small

flocks in New England and the Middle States early in the autumn, and again in spring. They are fond of low bushes and brush-heaps, and are best taken in the early morning, when hunting for their breakfast. The downy woodpecker is not difficult to photograph, if near his nest or busily engaged in boring for grubs on some dead stump or limb. During the summer, when quail are plentiful, it is quite easy to secure their pictures; and even the wary woodcock can be photographed. They are the most difficult subjects I have ever attempted, however. Notice how well the markings match the fallen leaves about, and how careful the birds are to assume a position in which their own shadows blend with those of the leaves. It is only by inexhaustible patience and perseverance, and an intimate knowledge of the birds' haunts and habits, that good pictures can be secured, and even then it is more luck than anything else. A photograph of a woodcock boring I obtained quite by accident. I had been seated quietly on a log, at the edge of a boggy spot in the woods, when the bird suddenly fluttered down and at once commenced boring for his breakfast. As I was in the shade and Mr. Woodcock in the sun, he was apparently totally unaware of my presence; but at the click of the shutter he was up and away instantly. Red



GROSBREAK.

squirrels are very easy to secure, and even the grays are not difficult. In fact, animals, as a rule, are much easier than birds, as they have a habit of standing quite motionless to look at an intruder now and then—evidently possessing more curiosity than their feathered neighbors. Oven-birds are quaint and rather sociable little chaps, and the only difficulty lies in getting them on open ground. They are generally found in the heavier woods, where they go mincing about in a very dainty and curious manner. Many species which are exceedingly difficult or impossible to take at most times may be readily photographed when on their nests, and make charming pictures. The nests themselves, with eggs showing, are very beautiful, and can be taken without the aid of the telephoto. How much more pleasing are such pictures than boxes full of empty egg-shells, nearly every one of which, if undisturbed, would have furnished another songster to cheer the countryside with life and music!

Although, as I have stated, to secure the

best results a rather expensive outfit is required, yet the boy or girl who desires to secure pictures of living birds or animals need not feel discouraged if possessing only a cheap camera.

Much can be accomplished by patience and perseverance. But in order to photograph these wild friends of ours without the telephoto lens, we must go about it in quite a different manner, as it is practically impossible to approach closely enough to obtain more than a minute speck represent-



RED SQUIRREL.

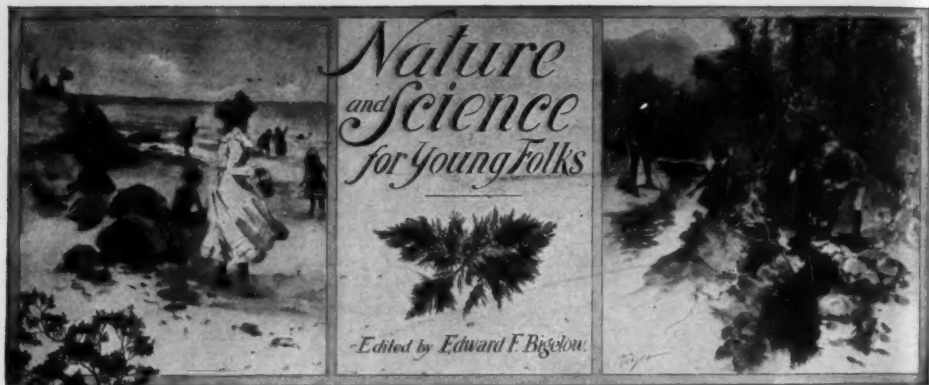
ing the subject on the plate. The easiest and best method is to scatter crumbs, grain, or seeds on open ground, and, focusing the camera on these, to retire quite a distance, and wait quietly until the birds begin to feed on the scattered food, when, by means of a long tube and bulb, or (if your camera is not fitted with pneumatic shutter) a piece of string, the exposure can be made and the photograph obtained at short range. Also, as I have already mentioned, birds on their nests can be readily taken with any ordinary camera and lens, provided one approaches softly and cautiously.

## IN SUMMER.

BY HARRIET F. BLODGETT.

THE bud has blossomed into flower,  
The nests have overflowed with song,  
And time has struck the midyear hour,  
And nights are sweet, and days are long.  
VOL. XXVII.—117-118.

The moonlight smiles upon the sea,  
The sea, with smiling, makes reply—  
When hark! the clouds' artillery!  
And lightning-flashes in the sky!



WATCHING THE "WATER-MEASURERS."

All Nature helps to swell the song  
And chant the same refrain;  
July and June have slipped away,  
And August 's here again.

#### THE "FLOWERS OF THE SEA."

WE all love the sea, and many of the young folks as well as the grown-up people are spending the summer vacation by its side, and enjoying and loving it more and more. Watching the tide come and go, bathing, rowing, sailing, fishing, digging in the sand, gathering shells, and other seaside occupations, will, of course, claim attention, but none of these afford such fascinating pleasure as gathering, preserving, and studying marine algæ, which are known more commonly, but not quite correctly, as the "flowers of the sea," sea-moss, or seaweeds. As we come to know

the structure and growth of these beautiful plants, we shall find that they are not flowers nor moss, and most certainly they are not weeds; but if



COLLECTING THE MARINE ALGÆ IN BOTTLES AND PAILS BY THE AID OF A SKIMMER AND A NET.

we do not wish to use the correct term, marine algæ, let us call them the "flowers of the sea," for they surely ornament the sea as the flowers do the fields and meadows. As we learn their names, habits, and history, there will be an added charm to the days we spend at the sea-side; and a collection well mounted on paper or cardboard will always bring to us happy memories. As you visit different shores year after year, you will seek the old friends among the algæ, and make new acquaintances, till in a few seasons spent in different places you may have a large collection well representing the marine flora of the various places.

The names of the different kinds are easily learned, and the collecting may be done with almost no apparatus. A few pieces of white paper or cardboard and a pin or wooden toothpick are all that are absolutely required.

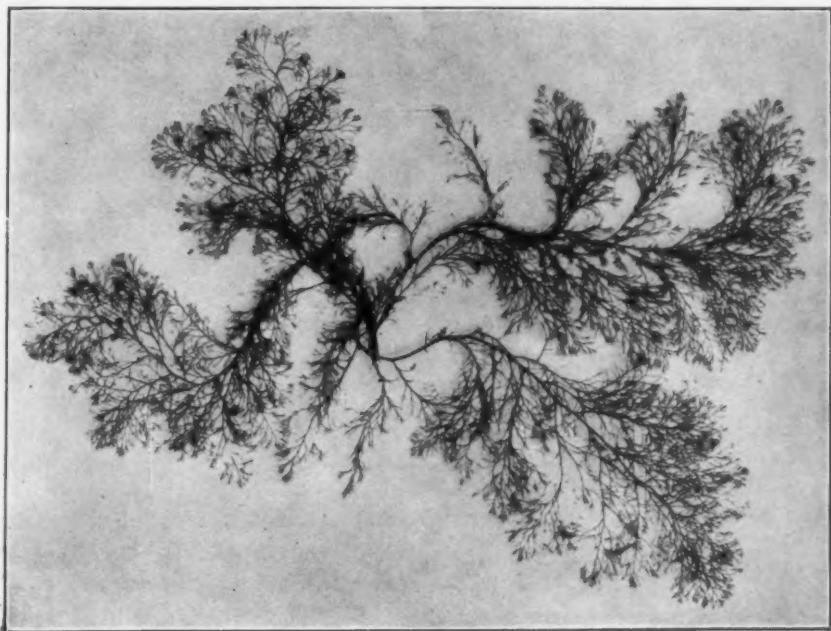
Slip the paper or cardboard under the bit of algæ as it floats in the water, usually at low tide, and lift it horizontally almost to the surface. Arrange the delicate filaments with the sharp-pointed toothpick or pin, and lift the

paper or card out of the water. The specimens may be laid on a sloping grassy bank to dry in the sun. Afterward press smooth and flat between



FLOATING OUT AND PRESSING THE ALGÆ.

the folds of old newspapers. In even so simple a manner a beautiful collection may be made.



ONE OF THE "FLOWERS OF THE SEA" AS IT APPEARS WHEN PRESSED ON A CARD.

It will, however, be found much more convenient and satisfactory to collect by means of a long-handled skimmer, a net, or other simple instrument by which you can reach into the water and gather the specimens as they go floating by. The skimmer will be found the most satisfactory, and may be obtained at any house-furnishing tin-shop. It should be lashed with a stout string to the end of a pole four or five feet long. This is useful not only for catching the floating algæ, but for detaching the plants from their holdings near the low-water line. The specimens thus obtained may be placed in fruit-cans, wide-mouthed bottles, or pails partly filled with sea-water, and thus kept a day or two for mounting indoors at leisure, perhaps in the evening or on a stormy day.

To mount the specimens to best advantage, fill a large white bowl nearly full of sea-water, and place a few specimens in it, "floating out" on white cards of the same dimensions—four and a half by six and a half inches, or any other size that may be preferred. Hold the card in the left hand a little under the water, and arrange the delicate filaments by means of sharp-pointed forceps or other pointed instrument. Some prefer to use a small camel's-hair brush. Scissors may be used for trimming off the larger branches and such parts as are not very pretty.

The specimens may be floated out from this bowl, but it will be best to do the shaking out, trimming, cleaning, etc., in another bowl, and then transfer to a bowl with clean water especially for the final work. A little practice will give you the knack of doing it to best advantage. Put the cards for a few minutes on a slanting board to drain away the superfluous water, then lay them on sheets of blotting-paper or botanists' drying-paper. Put as many cards on each sheet as you can, and cover all with a piece of muslin. Continue in this manner—drying-paper, cards with specimens on, cloth, drying-paper, and so on till you have all in the pile. Put a board on top, and a heavy weight on that. Change the drying-papers in about six hours, and again the next day.

It is not necessary that you do the work exactly in the manner here described. Your own ingenuity will suggest changes that are advantageous, and also the making of various pretty articles for household ornaments, gifts to friends, sales at church fairs, and so on.



"JUST AS THE SHEET OR COUNTERPANE IS SLIGHTLY DEPRESSED UNDER THE FEET OF A CHILD STANDING ON A BED."

#### SKATING ON THE WATER.

It would be delightful indeed if we could skate in the summer, and glide over the surface of still water, without the necessity of

END VIEW OF THE NEEDLE DEPRESSING THE SURFACE FILM.



NEEDLE FLOATING UPON THE SURFACE OF THE WATER IN A TUMBLER.

muffling up as we do in winter. Although we have not yet been able to accomplish this, there are a large number of very nimble little creatures who do really skate on the water. They are sometimes called, in the books



written by scientific men, "pond-skaters." One of the best known of these pond-skaters is what most people would call a water-spider, though he is more commonly described as a water-measurer. These little insects are able to stand on the surface of still water. Their feet do not sink into it, though the water bends down under each little foot, just as the sheet or counterpane is slightly depressed under the feet of a child standing on a bed. The water-measurer is able to dart over the yielding surface with feet unwet. In order to understand how the insect is able to stand upon the water, we might first try the experiment of making a needle float.

Almost every boy has, in his time, made a needle float upon the surface of clear water contained in an ordinary tumbler. It is certain that the needle does not float owing to any buoyancy of the steel itself, for the slightest jar will send it to the bottom. Its floating is not like the floating of ocean steamers or battleships. These ships float because they are only immense shells, which displace more

water in proportion

to their weight than does the needle. Another peculiarity presented by the needle is that, unlike the ships, it floats in a little hollow slightly below the surface. While floating it is not wet, and if, by tilting the tumbler to the brim, one brings the eye so as to look along the surface, the needle will not be seen. Nevertheless it floats; and it will be found that the surface of the water actually slopes down to the needle, passes under it, and up again on the other side, exactly as the surface of an eiderdown quilt sinks under the pressure of a glass alley when placed upon it. As the needle has no buoyancy like that possessed by a chip of wood, we must look for some other cause to explain the matter.

The needle's floating is due to a property of the water itself. Now, the surface of still water has what, for want of a better name, may be called a skin. It is upon this skin, or surface film, that the needle rests and the water-measurer skates. The surface film is not visible to the eye, and cannot be removed. It is infinitely thin, and, when broken, forms again immediately, but it is owing to its presence that the needle floats. A proof that the surface is depressed and stretches under the needle may be had by exposing the tumbler in the sunlight. The shadow of the needle will be a dark line, surrounded by a bright margin, due to the refraction of the light in passing



NEAR AND ENLARGED VIEW OF THE "POND-SKATERS."



Flaps closed to make a pointed end. Flaps opened after breaking up through the surface film.

GREATLY MAGNIFIED VIEWS OF THE MOSQUITO AIR-TUBES. ALSO ENLARGED VIEWS OF THE LARVAE, WHICH ARE REALLY VERY SMALL, AND KNOWN TO OUR YOUNG FOLKS AS "MOSQUITO WIGGLERS." THEY ARE FOUND IN STAGNANT POOLS OF WATER IN SWAMPY PLACES.

through the curved surface of the liquid around the needle.

Another curious feature about this surface film is that it presents an obstacle to an insect's coming up out of the water when he is below the surface. The larva of the mosquito, often called a "wiggler," is an aquatic insect, but, nevertheless, one which breathes air. When one of these curious little creatures desires to take a breath of air, after wriggling about below the surface for some time, it comes up and presents its tail to the film, because it is by means of a siphon or air-passage at the end of its tail that it breathes. The air-duct is provided with an apparatus for putting through the surface film. The end of this air-tube terminates in a number of flaps, which in a certain way resemble the ornamental scalloped top which sometimes embellishes the upper end of a smoke-stack. The insect folds these flaps together and so closes the end of the air-duct. They all meet in a point in the center, and this sharpened tube it thrusts up through the surface film. When well through, it opens them out into a sort of little basin, and hangs there, head down, suspended from the film.

GEORGE S. HODGINS.

#### EGGS OF BEAUTIFUL FORM AND COLOR.

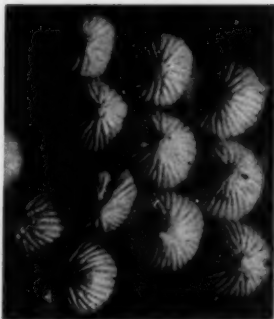
HAVE you ever carefully examined the eggs of butterflies and moths or other insects? If not, look for them on the food-plants on which the little caterpillars are to feed when hatched from the eggs. The mother butterfly or moth shows wonderful instinct in selecting the plant that will be adapted to the little caterpillars. The eggs are often found on the under side of the leaves, sometimes singly, frequently a few together, and occasionally in a large mass. Of many species of butterflies there will be two or three generations during the year, so that we may look for eggs at any time.

In form, color, and variety of design of the surface markings, the eggs of insects are more surprisingly varied than those of birds; but the

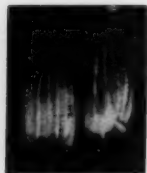
insects' eggs are so small as often to escape our observation. Sharp eyes, such as all our young folks have, will easily find the tiny eggs, and even a pocket microscope will reveal their beauty. The eggs consist of a thin shell containing a fluid mass, the germ of the future caterpillar, and sufficient food for it till it is big enough to break the shell and feed on the plant. The forms are various, like a sphere, a half-sphere, a cylinder, a barrel, a cheese, a turban, etc. Many have sharp corners, and others have evenly curving surfaces. Some have the appearance of having been punched in at the ends. The surface is covered with microscopic ridges, wavy lines, dots, or projections, in such arrangements as often to be very beautiful when viewed



EGGS OF MAGPIE MOTH.



EGGS OF "DOT" MOTH.

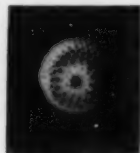


EGGS OF BUTTERFLY.

illustrations have the added value of correctly showing the appearance of the eggs through a microscope.

There is also a great variety in color. The most common tints are brown, blue, green, greenish white, red, and yellow.

Find some of the eggs, make drawings of a few, and then keep the rest on a fresh plant and watch the hatching of the caterpillars. These illustrations are from English specimens, but the eggs of our butterflies and moths are equally interesting.



EGG OF BROWN-STREAK BUTTERFLY.

EGGS ON OR NEAR A ROCK.

Most birds are very skilful in nest-making, strongly weaving together sticks, twigs, and grass or bits of string for the exterior, sometimes

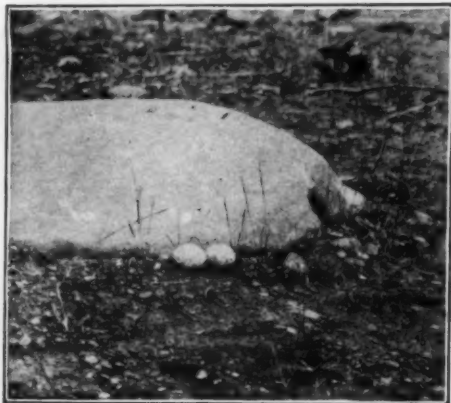


THE NIGHTHAWK.

cementing the whole together with mud, and often lining the interior with very soft material.

But the nighthawk is a surprising exception, for she usually lays her two mottled eggs on the top of a flat rock in the pasture or other open field without any nest. A hollow place on the top of the rock is often selected, and sometimes the two eggs are placed on or near the highest point, where a slight touch would send them rolling off the rock. Less frequently the mother bird places the eggs on the ground near the rock, as is shown in the illustration.

The mottled color of the eggs is so much



THE EGGS ON THE GROUND NEAR A ROCK.

like that of the rock that they are not easily seen. But, strangest of all, the eggs are sometimes laid on a nearly flat roof of a city house!

THE LIMPET THAT CAN FIND ITS WAY HOME.

EVERY reader of ST. NICHOLAS has heard of homing pigeons, who, when let loose,—it may be hundreds of miles from home,—are strong of wing and stout of heart and keen of wit enough to find the way back. But did ever anybody hear of a snail or a slug who was bright as that? We talk about the snail's "carrying his house on his back," and never dream that he cares at all where he sets it down; and, for aught I know, neither does he care. But he has an English cousin, called a limpet, who lives near the sea, and is a true Briton in his love for home. This little fellow has a shell like a long, low tent, and whenever the waves are rough or



THE LIMPET ON A ROCK.

some big and hungry body comes along, he pulls his shell close down over him and clings so fast to the rock that "sticking like a limpet" has passed into a proverb. If the rock on which he lives is soft limestone, the juices of his body gradually dissolve it away and make a little hollow, perhaps quarter of an inch deep, in which he lives. When the tide goes down and his home is left dry, he climbs out of his hollow and crawls away in search of the little plants which serve for his dinner. And when he has had enough, and has, we may imagine, taken the little airing which everybody should take after his lunch, he goes back to his hollow with as much certainty as if he were a little boy going home from school.

But now comes the most wonderful part. We might guess, if this were all, that as he crawled

away from home he left some sort of track which he could recognize though we could not, and which served to guide him back. But a wise Welshman has been studying the little fellows, and he finds that he can pick them up and put them down six inches, twelve inches, sometimes even as much as two feet, away from their hollows in any direction, and that, though they have no eyes worth the name, they will almost always find their way back. Sometimes, indeed, it may take them as much as two days to do it, and always a few get lost. About five sixths of those he tested came back, when they were put down not more than eighteen inches away, which we must know is a long distance to the little limpet. If they were carried farther from home, they were more likely to be lost.

Now, the English limpet has a good many cousins in America, most of which are found on the shores of the Pacific. But there is one who lives on the New England coast from Cape Cod northward. You may look for him in the little pools left by the outgoing tides, under the wet rockweed, or even on large rocks between tide-marks. The picture shows you what he looks like. He is usually brown and mottled, and everybody to whom I show him exclaims, "How much he looks like a turtle!" I think we may safely give him the name by which he is called in England—the tortoise-shell limpet. The children about Nahant, Massachusetts, call the shells "sugar-bowl covers," and use them to set their dolls' tea-tables.

People have been too busy in America to take time to learn much about our smaller animals; but I have heard from one wise old fisherman that our limpet has the same habit of coming back to his home that the English one has, though on our hard New England rocks he makes no hollow. Perhaps some reader of St. NICHOLAS will like to try, this summer, to see whether the old fisherman is right. When you have found your limpet, you must watch him very quietly, long enough to be quite sure that he is at home instead of being out for a walk and scared into momentary quiet by your coming. Then you can mark both shell and rock, perhaps with enamel paint, and come back every day or two to see whether you always find him there. And if you do, you will have

made friends with a little fellow who, in this respect at least, is cleverer, so far as we know, than any other creature that wears a shell.

M. A. WILCOX.

## FROM OUR "YOUNG OBSERVERS."

### THE BURYING-BEETLE.

103 COTTAGE STREET, BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: One day last summer when I was in Newtown, two ladies were sitting on the veranda, when one of them said: "Look at that toad." The other one said: "I don't see any toad, but I see a snake." So they called a man to kill it. After the snake had been killed, mama and I were going home when mama saw the snake raise its head, and she said: "Look out! that snake is alive." But I was n't afraid; so I stopped to look at it, and I saw that it was not alive, but that three beetles were burying it. The next day one of the children and I went out to see it, and we coiled it up, and the beetles straightened it out. First, they dug a trench under it and piled the sand in a heap; then they dug a hole back of it, and commenced to bury it, tail first. Two of them lay on their backs and pushed with their feet, while the other one pulled it by the tail. After they had buried it they rolled a small stone to the entrance of the hole. Afterward a man pulled it out, and they buried it again.

About two weeks after the mate was killed, but where it was killed the soil was quite hard. They ran around it for about half a day, then they decided to eat it without burying it. The snake had just swallowed a toad. I found out, by asking my uncle, who is a naturalist, that the name of the beetle is the burying- or sexton-beetle. They bury the snake, then they lay their eggs on the snake, and when the young come out they feed on the snake. I found out a good many things from my uncle, who is in the scientific society in Bridgeport. Perhaps you may know him. His name is Mr. C. K. Averill. He once killed a heron, and when he went to the same spot the next day, the beetles had buried it all but the head.

LUCY S. ROBINSON.

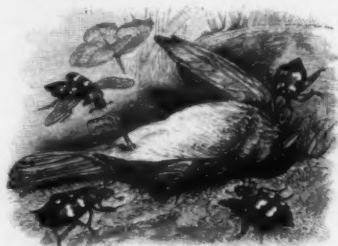
The young naturalist's mother writes: "I watched the beetles and the snake enough to confirm all that my little daughter has written, but she watched it all—hour after hour in the broiling sun."

This is an excellent example of the right spirit for a lover and student of nature. First, patient, careful observation; second, seeking further information from persons or books; and last, not least, telling others of the interesting discoveries, sharing our pleasures with them.



THE BURYING-BEETLE,  
FULL SIZE.

Entomologists—those who study insects as this little girl has begun to do—give many interesting accounts of the sagacity and remarkable strength of these burying-beetles. They



SEXTON-BEETLES BURYING A DEAD BIRD.

have been known to roll a large dead rat or bird several feet in order to get it in a suitable place for burying.

#### THE ENGLISH SPARROW AS A WORKER.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been very much interested in watching the little English sparrows at work building their nests. Two of them were very busy. They would go off one at a time and bring back a large supply of horsehairs, moss, twigs, and banana-leaves. Another thing they did was to take turns at building the nest. While one was building, the other was resting. I noticed that the male bird did the most work, too. The next morning the nest was finished and looked very cozy. The English sparrows are troublesome, but they are very hard workers.

Your little reader,

EUGENE HUNTER COLEMAN (Age 8 years).



THE ENGLISH SPARROW.

You are right. The English sparrows surely are faithful workers. So much has been said and written against them that it will be only justice to them to point out their good qualities. The

most despised birds and people, young or old, are far from wholly bad. Who can tell us other good things about the English sparrows?

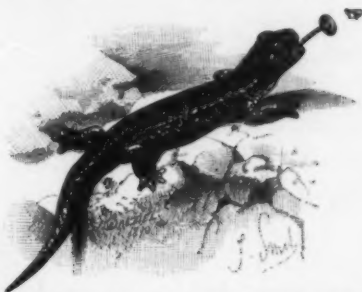
#### DO SALAMANDERS SING?

SCARSDALE, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Do salamanders have voices?

HERBERT E. ANGELL.

You will find an extended and interesting discussion of this question in the chapter entitled "Songless Batrachians" of the book "Familiar Life in Field and Forest," written by F. Schuyler Mathews. The chapter also contains eleven illustrations and many interesting statements of the habits of salamanders. The author claims twenty years' experience with



THE RED SALAMANDER, FOUND IN COLD SPRINGS AND BROOKS.

salamanders, and has never heard one sing, and seems to think that those who claim to have heard them sing were mistaken.

Dr. O. P. Hay, a naturalist of considerable experience, has heard from one "a shrill sound somewhat like a whistle or the peeping of a young chicken."

John Burroughs, in his book "Pepacton," claims not only that the red salamander can make a noise, but that "the mysterious piper may be heard from May to November. It makes more music in the woods in autumn than any bird."

Gibson, in "Sharp Eyes," has an extended and illustrated chapter entitled "The Autumn Pipers." Dr. Abbott, Professors Cope and Eimer claim to have heard these salamanders' voices.

Here is a good field for observation. What do our young folks say about it? Who has watched salamanders and heard the voice or song?



# "LIVE TO LEARN AND LEARN TO LIVE"



## THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE

"A VERY good puzzle," the editor said,  
Then softly sighed when the page was read.  
"Why, it is n't indorsed, and so, alas,  
I'm sorry we'll have to let it pass.

"An excellent poem!" the editor cried,  
But the "excellent poem" was laid aside;  
For the poet in haste had left her age  
And even her name from the dainty page.

"This story is fine! but—the same old song—  
'T is at least a hundred words too long!  
This capital drawing in dull-brown ink,  
We'll have to lay it aside, I think."

And so it went on till the tale was done,  
And the editor said: "There are thirty-one  
With never a chance to win, indeed,  
Because to our rules they gave no heed."

### A NEW RULE.

In accordance with the suggestions and wishes of many League members, it has been decided that a prize-winner may compete for and win a second prize within the six months' time limit, provided the second prize won be of greater value than the first. A silver badge winner, for instance, may win a gold badge as soon as his work entitles him to this distinction, and in like manner may win the money prize for "Wild-animal photograph," though he already has a gold badge to his credit. We hope this new rule will prove a satisfactory one.



"TWO AND TWO ARE FOUR." BY NORA NEILSON GRAY,  
AGE 17. (GOLD BADGE.)

To the boy or girl who loves bathing, August is the best month of the year. To go down to the ocean where the cool green waves come plunging in,—to run and leap headlong into them, diving through one after another until you are red and breathless and glowing,—this is a joy that makes life and vacation and summer-time all seem worth while. Even away from the sea there are fine lakes and streams, and down in shaded pastures there are ponds where frogs croak, crawfish skurry about in the shallow water, and little boys learn to swim.

Such places are a good deal better for frogs and crawfishes than they are for little boys; but then,

August comes only once a year, and little boys will be little boys only once, so it's more than likely that August and little boys and ponds with crawfishes and bullfrogs will always go together so long as August and little boys and ponds and crawfishes and bullfrogs last.

### PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 8.

IN making the awards, contributors' ages are taken into consideration.

POEM. To relate in some manner to vacation.

Gold badge, Charlotte F. Babcock (age 15), Downer Avenue, Dorchester, Massachusetts.

Silver badge, Marguerite M. Hillery (age 13), 105 West Seventy-seventh Street, New York City.

PROSE. To relate some incident or adventure on or by the water.

Gold badge, Frank Damrosch, Jr. (age 11), 181 West Seventy-fifth Street, New York City.

Silver badge, Dorothy Eckl (age 12), 2231 Chestnut Street, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

DRAWING. Gold badge, Nora Neilson Gray (age 17), Carisbrook, Helensburgh, Scotland.

Silver badges, Helen Brackenridge (age 13), Natrona, Pennsylvania; and Ruth Osgood (age 12), 1713 P Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

PHOTOGRAPH. Gold badge, Kenneth G. Carpenter (age 13), southwest corner Russell and Compton avenues, St. Louis, Missouri.

Silver badges, Will Weston (age 15), 626 Eighth Street, Oakland, California; and Julia Thompson (age 11), 328 Superior Street, Chicago, Illinois.

PUZZLES. Gold badge, Mary Easton (age 15), Rochelle Park, New Jersey.

Silver badges, Louise Clendenning Smith (age 13), 525 North Broad Street, Elizabeth, New Jersey; and Henry Martyn Hoyt, Jr. (age 13), 1516 K Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

PUZZLE ANSWERS. Gold badge, Pauline C. Duncan (age 12), Ishpeming, Michigan. No silver badge award.

ILLUSTRATED PROSE. Gold badge, Hildegarde Allen (age 14), 132 Marlborough Street, Boston, Massachusetts.

Silver badges, Elisabeth Spies (age 10), 119 South Mountain Avenue, Montclair, New Jersey; and Janet



"UNWILLING VANITY." BY HELEN BRACKENRIDGE, AGE 13.  
(SILVER BADGE.)

Golden (age 8), 319 North McKean Street, Kittanning, Pennsylvania.

ILLUSTRATED POEM. Gold badge, Doris Webb (age 15), 115 Montague Street, Brooklyn, New York.

WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPH. First prize, gold badge and five dollars, Edith L. Lauer (age 11), 203 Eutaw Place, Baltimore, Md.

Second prize, gold badge and three dollars, Niels Rahe (age 15), Manitowoc, Wisconsin. Third prize, gold badge, Thomas H. Tulloch (age 16), Forest Glen, Md.

### A FOGGY TRIP FROM ROCKLAND TO BOSTON.

BY FRANK DAMROSCH, JR. (AGE 11).

(Gold Badge.)

It was a bright, sunny afternoon when the steamer "Mt. Desert" left the wharf at Seal Harbor, Maine, amid cheers and waving of handkerchiefs from the shore. But the sun soon disappeared, and we had a foggy trip to Rockland, though when we arrived it had cleared off, and the harbor lights looked very pretty.

After about an hour the side-wheeler "City of Bangor" hove in sight, and soon I found myself on board.

Several times we passed lighthouses, and as there was always a haze about them, everybody said we would have a foggy night. Their predictions came true, and we were soon in a dense fog. I was snoring soundly in my bunk when there was a shock and a sound of splintering wood.

A large barkentine (a three-masted sailing-vessel, with one mast square-rigged, and the other two fore and aft) loomed up through the fog.

The captain immediately ordered



"AT THE BENCH SHOW." BY RUTH OSGOOD, AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE.)



BY KENNETH G. CARPENTER, AGE 13. (GOLD BADGE.)

"full speed ahead," so as to let her pass astern of us. It was too late, however, to prevent a collision, and her bowsprit tore open the sternmost cabins, and her yards smashed some railings on the upper deck. Had the barkentine struck a little farther forward, our steamer might have gone to the bottom.

We arrived safely in Boston harbor in spite of our adventure. As for the ship, she bears no traces of the accident, as the damage was repaired on her arrival in port.

I saved a piece of the wrecked cabin, and my father labeled it as follows:

"From the wreck of the 'City of Bangor,' after collision with an unknown barkentine. Frank Damrosch, one of the survivors."

#### VACATION.

BY CHARLOTTE F. BABCOCK (AGE 15).

(Gold Badge.)

"WHAT makes thy song so blithe-some, robin dear?

What is the joyous message thou wouldst tell?

What are the tidings gay, so full of cheer,

That make thy quiv'ring breast with gladness swell?"

"T is to the summer that I sing my lay,

The blessed summer making bird-land gay."

"O crimson poppy, why thy smiling face?

Fair, blushing rose, what gladness fills thy heart?

And, gentle daisy, full of modest grace,

What are the joyous words thou wouldst impart?"

"Cold winter and the rainy spring have passed,  
And lovely summer-time has come at last!"

"O zephyr, messenger of birds and bees,  
Laden with breath of flow'rs and blossoms sweet;

What joyful tidings thine, soft, whisp'ring breeze,

And whither goest thou on wings so fleet?"

"I bear a gladsome message of good cheer,  
And tell all lands that holidays are here!"

But gayer e'en than birds or breeze or flow'rs,

The merry children laugh and shout for joy;

Ah! far too swiftly pass the fleeting hours

For ev'ry joyous, romping girl and boy.

And this their cry: "Hurrah for summer fun!  
Vacation, glad vacation, has begun!"

#### "ON A STUMP!"

BY DOROTHY ECKL (AGE 12).

(Silver Badge.)

It was an ordinary August afternoon, nearing sunset, just the time for a row, and *always* the time when you are wanted. The lake was as smooth as — as it could be, with only the tiniest baby ripples to show there was still some motion in it.

A flat-bottomed boat was riding on this lake — rather dangerously near the stumps. For this lake, let me tell



"CHUMS." BY WILL WESTON, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE.)



"WILD DEER." BY EDITH L. LAUER, AGE 11. (FIRST PRIZE, "WILD ANIMALS.")

you, was, and is yet, full of stumps, weeds, and all kinds of things likely to get you into a scrape.

There were three people in this particular boat—two children and one young lady. One of the girls—she was about eleven—was huddled up in one end of the boat, entirely taken up by a book of a very interesting nature. The other girl, of about seven, was rowing, or what she called rowing. The young lady sat in the stern, giving the rower many directions all in the same breath.

Suddenly the occupants felt a slight shock, and—there they were.

"There! I told you," said the young lady.

"I told you," echoed the industrious reader, at last startled into the present hour and minute.

Each took her turn to pull, but all for nothing. There they were for good.

Not in the middle of the sea, with the wild waves all about them; no, indeed. They were only about one hundred feet from the cottage of a friend—who, however, was not at home.

Then the older girl and the young lady sought relief in blaming the rower, who only replied, "Well, I don't care," or "I can't help it," to their reproaches.

At last help came in the form of the children's papa. He chuckled gleefully when he saw what an awkward plight they were in. Nevertheless, he transferred them from one boat to the other. Of course, the little rower was never allowed to row again, and of course everybody laughed a great deal too much for the adventurers' comfort. As for the young lady, she was always called "Stump Marie" after that, and all because that little urchin happened to row on to a stump!

#### A TRUE INCIDENT OF VACATION.

BY MARGUERITE M. HILLERY (AGE 13).

(Silver Badge.)

ONE day the sun was shining in a bright sapphire sky,

And all the world was peaceful and at rest;

At least, so was a guinea-hen whose time had come to die;

Thus I found him dead, deserted by the rest.  
And when I signaled to my friend and gave my hand  
a wave,  
She came and said, "Why, Mardie, let 's dig the bird a grave."

"Why, yes, Lucille," I cried; "of course; we 'll dig it right away."

So we started with our garden hoe and spade,  
And we buried the poor birdie, on that bright mid-summer day,

'Neath an apple-tree that spread its grateful shade.  
We had wrapped him in a newspaper—I think it was the "Sun";

Then we put some purple flowers on the grave when it was done.

#### THE OLD WAYSIDE INN.

BY HILDEGARDE ALLEN (AGE 14).

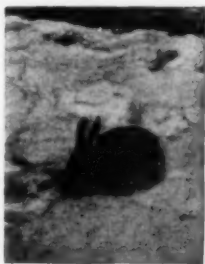
(Gold Badge Illustrated Prose.)

THE tavern in which Longfellow laid the scene of his "Tales of a Wayside Inn" is in Sudbury, Massachusetts. The house is more than two hundred years old. Both Washington and Lafayette have been there. The inn is a picturesque old house, painted a sort of salmon color, and with a gambrel-roof. There hangs near the door a

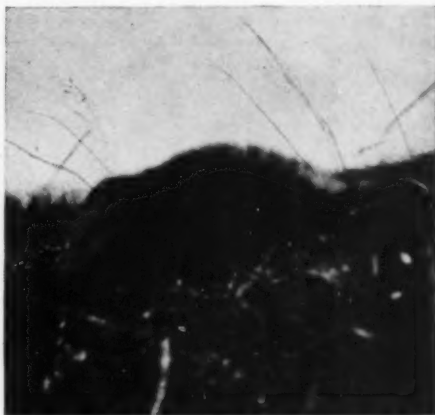
weather-stained sign, on which is faintly to be seen a red horse painted. Indeed, the inn used to be called the "Red Horse" until after Longfellow wrote "Tales of a Wayside Inn." In front of the doorway is a porch with wide seats in it. Over the front door is nailed a little sign on which is painted this quotation from Longfellow's poem:

"As ancient is this hostelry  
As any in the land may be,  
Built in the old colonial day,  
When men lived in a grander way,  
With ampler hospitality."

Going in at the front door, you come to a long hall running through the middle of the house. On the right is the former tap-room. The old bar still stands in the cor-



"RABBIT." BY NIELS RAHE, AGE 15. (SECOND PRIZE, "WILD ANIMALS.")



"OPOSSUM." BY THOMAS H. TULLOCH, AGE 16. (THIRD PRIZE, "WILD ANIMALS.")



"THE WAYSIDE INN."

ner. Behind it are shelves, on which are old pewter tankards. A good fire burns in the fireplace, and over it hangs the kettle. The walls are covered with interesting old engravings. The ceiling of the tap-room is low, with great wooden beams; a tall clock stands in the corner, and everything is in keeping with the atmosphere of antiquity.

On the left of the hall is the parlor in which the scene of the story-telling in "Tales of a Wayside Inn" was laid. The fireplace has blue tiles with Old Testament pictures on them. On the mantelpiece in frames hang the two window-panes on which General Molineux wrote. In this room there are several paintings, among them a fine original portrait of Washington.

At the back of the house is the room in which Washington and Lafayette once dined. At the head of the flight of worn stairs is the door of the Lafayette room. Here the famous soldier once spent a night.

Altogether, the Wayside Inn is a most interesting old house.

#### OUT FOR A VACATION.

BY GRACE SPERRY (AGE 6).

As we walked together

Between the earth and skies,

Everything around us

Looked at us with surprise.

For our cheeks were very rosy,

And the bonnets on our heads

Were the colors of the sunbeams,

And our dresses were of red.

And our little shoes and stockings

Placed upon our little feet,

And everything about us,

Looked very, very neat.

#### THE MINA-BIRD.

BY ALICE MAY SPALDING (AGE 9).

The mina-bird is full of mischief.

Sometimes when I come home from school, very tired,

expecting to have a nice dish of ripe figs, I go out to the fig-trees and find only the skins left, the naughty mina-birds having had a feast while I worked at school.

I have a lot of pretty pigeons, but the same cruel mina-birds come and pull the little pigeons out of their nests and throw them down on to the hard ground, often killing the poor little birds. After they have done this, they build their nests in the poor little pigeons' home.

They are cruel to each other, too. I have seen them scolding, shaking their heads at each other, pulling each other's feathers out, and fighting, just like you see naughty boys doing in the streets sometimes.

The mina lays a pretty pale-blue egg; but I do not think the saucy bird is pretty at all.

#### VACATION.

BY ASA B. DIMON (AGE 11).

"VACATION 's come," the children shout.

"Hurrah! Our school will soon be out,

Then we can do whate'er we please—

Read, play, or sit beneath the trees,

Play hockey, golf, and croquet too,

And do whate'er we wish to do.

But when the school-days come once more,

We crowd around the school-house door,

With eager hearts and faces too,

To do the things we ought to do."

#### A TRUE STORY OF A CARRIER-PIGEON.

BY ETHEL PAINE (AGE 9).

My uncle, who commands the United States training-ship "Alliance," sailed from Newport, Rhode Island, with a number of carrier-pigeons. Each pigeon had a

little box, something like a quill, attached to its leg; in each of these little boxes were notes to the commanding officers at the navy-yard.

These pigeons were to be let loose two hundred miles from land. The commander had promised his wife that he would send her a note by one of the pigeons. A report came from the navy-yard that two of the pigeons never returned. There was a poor man that lived in Sussex County, Maryland, who had some pigeons. One

day he received a new pigeon into his flock, and did not notice till a few months later that it had anything attached to its leg. When looking to see what it was, he found it was a little message—the one to the commander's wife. A few days later the commander's wife received a letter written in a strange hand. It was from Maryland, telling the story about the pigeon, and if she would send money it would be expressed to the navy-yard.



"PAUL REVERE'S 'GOOD NIGHT.'" BY ANNA M. JEFFRIES, AGE 11.



"GENERAL WOLFE'S HOUSE." BY MARGARET ELY HOYT, AGE 10.





## RACE ROCK LIGHTHOUSE.

(A True Story.)

BY ELISABETH SPIES (AGE 10).

(Silver Badge Illustrated Prose.)

ON September 12, 1899, my father and I started for Race Rock Lighthouse, with its keeper, Mr. Culver, in a small rowboat. When we started it was quite smooth, but by the time we were there and landing it was almost impossible to mount and climb the ladder, being so rough.

After father was up, Mr. Culver carried me up, for I

was afraid to climb it alone, because it was as straight as the wall.

When we reached the platform we climbed the staircase leading to the door of the house.

As you enter, the first room you see is Mr. Culver's carpenter-shop, where he makes toy sail-boats (and, by the way, I meant to say that he gave me a perfect little beauty. Her name is "Dame Trot," and she is a fine racer). Then come his bedroom and sitting-room.

The stairs leading to the light are at the back of the hall. After climbing for several flights you come to the bedroom floor (though Mr. Culver's room is on the first floor). Here are five white rooms for his assistants, but they are not all being used.

On up we go until we come to the fog-bell, which is outside of the building. It is rung by a hammer about seven inches long and four wide. It is worked by machinery.

There are still more stairs before we get to the light. At first you don't see much, for it is covered. The panes are also covered. Mr. Culver lights the lamp, and it begins to revolve, as it is a flash-light.

Father says we must go home now, for it is getting so windy and rough.

We come again to the ladder. Father disappears into the boat. I did not dare go near the edge, for fear of falling. My turn came. "Come on," said Mr. Culver to me. "I can't come; I'm afraid." He asked his man to carry me down. He did, and we pushed off.

The waves were very high on the Sound. Our little



"DAME TROT."

boat rolled and tossed about until I was "scared to death," almost.

We at last got home, and very glad to get there we were.

## SONG OF THE WAVES.

BY HELEN DUDLEY (AGE 14).

We are the waves,  
The merry waves;  
Upon the pebbles on the beach  
We tumble in, then out of reach.

We are the waves,  
The silent waves,  
That ripple, ripple in the bay  
Throughout the peaceful summer's day.

We are the waves,  
The angry waves,  
That toss and beat, then moan and roar,  
Upon the fearful rock-bound shore.

We are the waves,  
The wild, free waves;  
Whatever happens on the shore,  
We come and go forevermore.



"LAKE MICHIGAN." BY JULIA THOMPSON, AGE 11. (SILVER BADGE.)

## AN ELOPEMENT.

BY DORIS WEBB (AGE 15).

(Gold Badge Illustrated Poem.)



"ALONZO, IT IS TIME TO GO."

THE night was black, the night was still,  
When o'er her flowered window-sill  
The princess leaned, and whispered low,  
"Alonzo, it is time to go."

THE CAT-  
ERPILLAR.

## THE TRUE STORY OF A BLACK SWALLOWTAIL.

BY JANET GOLDEN (AGE 8).

(Silver Badge Illustrated Prose.)

PARSLEY was the beginning of it. That sounds funny, but I will tell you about it. One day we found a worm on the parsley.

Its color was green, red, black, and yellow. It was beautiful. I thought I had never seen such a pretty caterpillar.

Every day I watched it until it was full-grown. One day mama called me back to the parsley-bed. "There is our little baby worm," she said, and I laughed. It was not very little. We took it and put it in a basket.

The next morning it was a chrysalis. We were very much surprised and glad. All winter we watched it, and had almost given up hopes of its ever coming out till we looked in the butterfly book and saw it ought not to come out till about the 15th of May. On the second day of May, in the morning, mama said, "I am going to see our chrysalis"; but she forgot about it.

In the afternoon she looked, and there he was, flying around as fast as he could. That afternoon, when I came home from school, mama hurried me into the house and showed it to me. It was a—what do you think? Why, a black swallowtail. I tell you, I was glad.

THE CHRYS-  
ALIS.

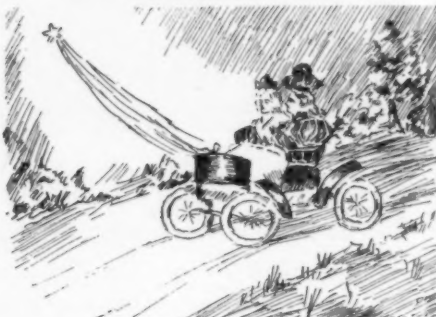
A ladder strongly made of rope  
Was ready, for when you elope  
The things above all else you need  
Are first a ladder, next a steed.

He helped her down, and then he led  
His love beneath the trees, and said:  
"We 'll hasten safely to the marriage,  
For here I have a horseless carriage."

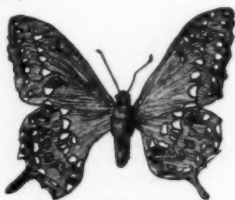
They sprang in lightly—could not go;  
The motor had run out; and so  
He said: "Alas! I've no more hope,  
My sweetest love, we can't elope."

"Don't be a goose," the princess snapped,  
"For I've a plan already mapped.  
Seize yonder comet by the tail;  
'T will take us over hill and dale."

They tried, and as the story tells,  
There quickly tolled the marriage bells.  
The moral is, where'er you are,  
Just "hitch your wagon to a star."



"OVER HILL AND DALE."



THE SWALLOWTAIL.

Poor little thing! I do not like to let it go, it knows  
so little of the big, big world.

## FOR CHERRIES.

BY FRED STRONG (AGE 8).

UP the ladder,  
Against the tree,  
We are going,  
We three, we three,

For the cherries  
So ripe and red.

We will get them,  
With Eddie ahead.

UP the ladder,  
Against the tree,  
We climb bravely,  
We three, we three.

# "SEPTEMBER WILL END OUR VACATION."

BY HARRIET AMELIA IVES (AGE 11).

Let 's go to the garden and pluck all the flowers,  
Let 's sit in the cool and the shade of the bowers,  
And enjoy sweet, bright June as long as it 's ours.  
September will end our vacation.

Let 's go to the lake with a nice lunch and tea,  
And climb to the top of the highest oak-tree,  
And have in sweet June an abundance of glee.  
September will end our vacation.



"LET 'S GO TO THE LAKE."

Let 's watch with excitement the rockets so high,  
And from our own hands let the firecrackers fly,  
And enjoy the heat and the fun of July.  
September will end our vacation.



"LET 'S ENJOY OLD AUGUST."

That we may wake up with the first gleam of light,  
And enjoy old August with all of our might.  
September will end our vacation.

Let 's work on some days, and on some days let 's play,  
Let 's have a good time and the right of the way,  
Let 's enjoy of old August its every hot day.  
September will end our vacation.

Let 's gather in parties  
and go to the wood,  
With bottles of coffee  
and other things  
good;  
Let 's enjoy July just as  
much as we should.  
September will end  
our vacation.

Now let 's go to bed  
rather early each  
night,

# A SUMMER WALK ON THE RIO GRANDE.

BY MARY LAKENAN (AGE 13).

ONE bright June morning I concluded to take a stroll along the banks of the Rio Grande River. So I started out of my mountain home—near Wagon Wheel Gap—and soon reached the river.

Its banks are covered with stones and short grass, with here and there a clump of willows. The river is very clear and sparkling, and looks very lovely as it dances on, striking against stones and breaking into spray and foam.

I seated myself under a willow, beside a tall yellow primrose, and listened to the sweet music of the river.

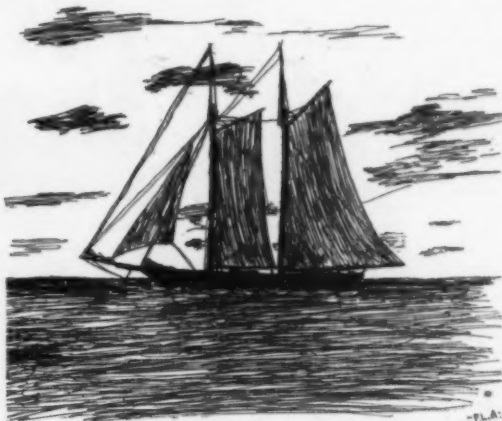
Just then I saw a pretty sight. A great stag had stolen down to the river for a drink, and had caught sight of me.

For one moment he gazed with a surprised look in his great dark eyes, then bounded away to the woods.

Soon a fisherman came along on the opposite side of the river, and, throwing in his line, pulled out a silvery mountain trout, and with a pleased look passed on.

A few cows were lying in the sun across the river, peacefully chewing their cud, while in the distance I heard the sound of the woodman's ax, and in the willows near me a meadow lark sang sweetly.

After sitting a short time I rose and walked down the



BY FREDERICK LEWIS ALLEN, AGE 9.

river, when suddenly from almost under my feet a red-wing blackbird flew, and I had discovered her lovely nest.

It was hung in the tall grass just where some water from a meadow near by trickled down, and was indeed a thing of beauty, deep and perfectly woven of dry grass, and lined with hair and soft leaves.

The little "home-maker" had indeed chosen a most beautiful spot for her nest.

In the nest were five light-brown spotted eggs, arranged very prettily.

But I passed on, not wishing to grieve the little mother, and soon came upon a number of wild roses, filling the air with their fragrance, and I picked a large bunch.

It being characteristic of mountain storms that they come up very quickly, I was soon surprised to find the sky overcast with clouds, and I felt rain on my face; so I arose and hastened home, bidding good-by until another time to the bright Rio Grande River.



"PONTE ALLA CARRAJA." BY CLERMONT L. BARNWELL, AGE 11.

## SUMMER.

BY FRANCIS KERR ATKINSON (AGE 10).

THERE is a little daisy  
Growing in a field,  
But under its bright crown of gold  
Its seeds are now concealed.

And when the golden autumn comes  
'T will wither quite away,  
Though gold and silver is it now,  
This bright and happy day.

There is a little butterfly  
Fluttering o'er the meadows,  
And round about among the trees  
Which cast their giant shadows.

And when the painted autumn comes  
He 'll fly away, away,  
But in the meadow is he now,  
This lovely summer day.

## THE POLLIWOGS.

BY MARGARET S. CALDWELL (AGE 8).

The polliwogs are little black things that swim about in muddy pools and brooks, and sometimes in clear water, and are greedy eaters. They have tails, and on each side of the tail there is something like bee-wings, and under the tail there is sort of a little brown leg. The body and mouth look very much like the head of a cobra that I saw in Kipling's "Jungle Book."

When the polliwogs grow bigger they turn into frogs. They are Mother Nature's housekeepers. We have watched them in our fish-boat. Papa says that they will clean it all out.

## A PROSPECT OF THE SEA.

BY MARJORIE MCIVER (AGE 12).

I 'M going to be just as good  
As ever I can be,  
For we 're going in the summer  
To live beside the sea—

The sea all cool and foamy,  
The sea so big and blue,  
With its caves and waves and pastimes.  
Oh! I love the sea; don't you?

And Nurse Christine has promised us,  
When by the sea we stay,  
We may, if it is very fine,  
Camp out a whole long day!

So I am longing for the sea,  
So big and bright and blue,  
With its caves and waves and pastimes.  
Oh! I love the sea; don't you?



BY MARY ELEANOR GEORGE, AGE 11.

## THE YOUNG ROBINS NEAR MEADOW BROOK.

BY EDITH IVA WORDEN (AGE 14).

It was a little past the middle of July. Soon the young robins which were in the nest of the maple-tree by the side of Meadow Brook would be ready to fly.

It would be a happy time for the proud mother when her voice took on that soft and mellow quality, nearly as coaxing as a dove's note, with which she encourages her young to leave the nest and try their wings to the ground below.

The mother bird had left her young to find some nice fat worms for them. Suddenly there was a disturbance in the nest. Perhaps the birds were quarreling over the most comfortable place, for one of them was pushed out, fell on to the bank of the brook, and just escaped falling into it.

The mother bird now came flying back with the food for her babies. When she heard the cry of the young bird which had fallen from the tree, she was perplexed, and hovered among the branches. Her note rang out loud and clear in alarm.

In a very short time a young boy came walking along the bank of the brook. He immediately heard the anxious mother's cry for help. He ran quickly to the spot below the maple and discovered the young bird on the ground. Picking it up tenderly, he soothed it and tried to quiet its shrill cry of fright. Then, holding

it carefully in one hand, he swung up the tree and put the bird in the nest. The mother bird soon nestled lovingly among her young, while in the quiet could be heard the warbling of Meadow Brook.

## VACATION.

BY DORIS FRANCKLYN (AGE 13).

"WHERE are you going, children dear,  
Now that the holidays are here?"  
The teacher said, and kindly smiled  
To see one eager little child

Holding up high his tiny hand:  
"Please, ma'am, we 're going to Make Believe Land!

"Our mother said she could not find  
Money to travel. We don't mind;  
We 're rather glad; because we know  
This splendid place where we can go.

"Katy will live with the princess,  
Wear shoes of gold, and satin dress.  
Jack 's going to the sea of ice;  
He 'll find the north pole in a trice!"

"And you, dear child, where will you go?"  
The mistress asked; he answered low:

"I shall take mother to a place  
Where tears will never wet her face;  
She says she thinks it will be grand  
To spend a while in Make Believe Land."



"STONE BARN." BY ROSAMOND DENISON, AGE 14.



"Not my Father"

BY OLIN R. SMITH, AGE 6.

## CHAPTERS.

NEW chapters are increasing in number, and those already formed are having good times. During the summer members can find much to interest and instruct them in the woods and fields, and the Nature and Science editor will always be glad to answer inquiries concerning new discoveries.

Extra buttons and leaflets for new members will be supplied at any time, and old members who have lost their buttons and rules can get new ones on application. No member should ever be without a badge and a copy of the rules.

Miss Myrtle Iris, 874 Broadway Street, San Francisco, California, would be glad to form a chapter of ST. NICHOLAS readers in her city, and will be pleased to hear from all those interested.

No. 105. "Happy-Go-Lucky." Nannie Kerr, President; Julia Williamson, Secretary; six members. Address, 136 South Twenty-third Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

No. 106. Arthur End, President; Elsie Landwehr, Secretary; twelve members. Address, 620 Huron Avenue, Sheboygan, Wisconsin. No. 106 meets every Friday evening at members' houses, and has a program of music, games, and recitations.

No. 107. Janet Hall, President; Margaret Ridlon, Secretary; five members. Address, 1717 Chicago Avenue, Evanston, Illinois.

No. 108. "The Jolly Four." Hazel Schmidt, President; Dorothea Kaster, Secretary; four members. Address, 1436 College Avenue, Racine, Wisconsin.

No. 109. Florence Casey, President; Edith Emerson, Secretary; twenty members. Address, 817 East State Street, Ithaca, New York. No. 109 will meet every Wednesday, to read ST. NICHOLAS and to play games. They will also read their own League contributions, prepared during the week.

No. 110. Lillian Smith, President; James Hunter, Secretary; five members. Address, 944 Cotton Street, Newton, Massachusetts.

No. 111. Nannie Merwin, President; Lillian Menaugh, Secretary; five members. Address, 944 Westminster Street, Washington, D. C.

No. 112. Katherine Manson, President; Medora Strong, Secretary; fifteen members. Address, 815 Fourth Street, Wausau, Wisconsin. No. 112 meets every Friday after school. This chapter has an excellent combination program of reading aloud and sewing. Their reading consists of stories from ST. NICHOLAS and other sources, also their own compositions written during the week. Money for the poor is collected by

this chapter, and the prevention of cruelty to animals is a part of their daily work, each member reporting at the meetings his personal efforts in that line.

No. 113. Myron Neuman, President; Everett Burdick, Secretary; twelve members. Address, 4321 Forest Street, Rogers Park Station, Chicago, Illinois.

No. 113 is going to give entertainments and send the proceeds to the county hospital.

No. 114. Percival B. Hustes, President; Stuart B. Copeland, Secretary; eight members. Address, Milwaukee, Wisconsin. No. 114 meets at nine o'clock every Saturday morning.

No. 115. Dorothy Child, President; Florence Hecox, Secretary; ten members. Address, 33 Main Street, Oneonta, New York.

No. 116. Leslie Jordan, President; May Hurley, Secretary; seven members. Address Dorchester, Massachusetts.

No. 117. Gretchen Osterhoudt, President; Ethel Carhart, Secretary; six members. Address, 82 Montague Street, Brooklyn, New York.

No. 118. Effa Judson, President; Mary Fees, Secretary; five members. Address, Three Rivers, Michigan.

No. 119. Johan H. W. Fenyvessy, President; Ethel Morgan, Secretary; fifteen members. Address, 452 Breckenridge Street, Buffalo, New York.

No. 120. Harold Heffron, President; Howard Tibbals, Secretary; thirteen members. Address, Salt Lake City, Utah.

No. 121. Percival B. Hustis, President; Stuart B. Copeland, Secretary; seven members. Address, 257 Lyon Street, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

"We have all agreed that we will not give up if we do not get prizes the first few times trying." That is the proper spirit. Prizes, after all, are not the best results of conscientious work. No. 121 meets every Saturday.

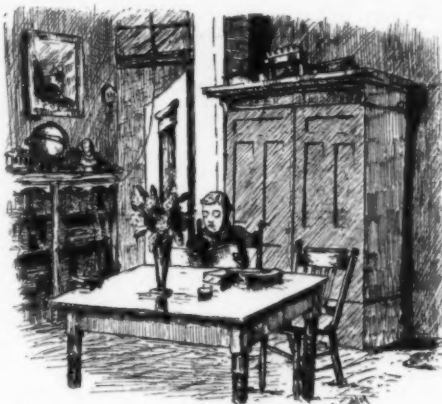
No. 122. "Land of Sunshine" Chapter. Elford Eddy, President; Bessie B. Yonkin, Secretary; five members. Address, 140 West Twenty-second Street, Los Angeles, California.

No. 123. Helen E. Wottage, President; Lydia C. Wiley, Secretary; four members. Address, 652½ Halsey Street, Brooklyn, New York.

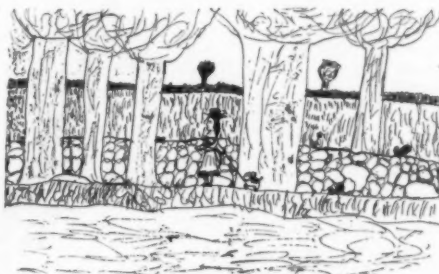
No. 124. Florence A. Curtis, President; Hazel A. Sickels, Secretary; six members. Address, 53 Grace Church Street, Port Chester, New York.

No. 125. Hyman Buchofsky, President; Hyman Jacobs, Secretary; six members. Address, Jewish Orphan Asylum, Cleveland, Ohio.

No. 126. Laura Wescott, President; Milton Poyner, Secretary; five members. Address, Poplar Branch, North Carolina.



"A CORNER OF OUR SCHOOL-ROOM." BY LOUIS FENCHTER, AGE 14.



"A MORNING WALK." BY ETHEL OSGOOD, AGE 7.



## ROLL OF HONOR.

A LIST of those whose work, though not used, has been found worthy of honorable mention.

## POEMS.

Winnie Herdman	S. K. Smith
Nannie Clarke Barr	Elizabeth Elliot Bedell
Charles Elwood Colahan	Philip Wick
Thomas S. McAllister	Robert Weinstock
Julia W. Williamson	Tyler A. More
Alastair Hope Kyd	Leslie Leigh DuCros
George Elliston	John R. Munro
Raglan J. Glascock	Elise R. Loebman
Ruth S. Loughton	Cutler McLennegan
Geraldine McGinnis	Marguerite Stuart
Grace Tetlow	Thomas G. Phillips
Anna M. McKechnie	Everingham Noble
Ethel M. Jones	Mary K. Harris
Arthur Edward Weld	Dorothy Russell Lewis
Edwine Behre	Helen Thurston
Maudie McMahon	Rebecca Rutledge
Lily C. Worthington	Louis Brod
Laura C. Wescott	Eleanor Hollis Murdock
Alma Miller	Stuyvesant Peabody

## PROSE.

Ida M. O'Connell	Helen King Stockton
Elizabeth C. Porter	Elizabeth H. Warner
Ruth L. Walker	Gertrude C. Cannon
Leslie F. Snow	Alice Milton Killits
Lily Hunt	Constance Margaret Jackson
Marion R. Russell	Elsie Wells
Edna M. Duane	Ruby Knox
Ethel L. Rourke	Florence Elwell
Otto Mayer	Rachel A. Walker
Pauline Angell	Adeline A. Murdoch
Margaret Russell	Hilda F. Pratt
Dorothea P. Posegate	James S. Wolf
Lydia E. Bucknell	Helen Mabel Conant
Ennice Fuller	Paula Siebs
Gertrude Dykeman	Janet L. McKim
Josephine G. Thompson	Harold Dowling
Ruth B. Woodman	Helen Dutton Bogart
Louise Peck	Beatrice Vilas
Daisy Heller	Katrina Page Brown
Charlotte Faulb	Gertrude Buckingham
Else Schaefer	David F. Barrow
Janet de Peyster Hamersly	Charles A. Wetmore, Jr.
Elford Eddy	Dorothy Webber
Minnie E. Simmons	Jessie Fern Cammack
Harry E. Wheeler	Frances J. Shriver
Lucile Owen	Elizabeth Brown
Agatha E. Gruber	Elaine Flitner
Elizabeth Adams	Morris Fremont Smith
John T. Hancock	Mary Yund
Emma S. Dano	Jean Batchelor
Catherine M. Clement	Irving Babcock
Lacy Van Wagnen	Winnifred Notman
Katherine T. Halsey	Frances Rhoades
Everett L. Hazelton	Mary Esther Van Patten
Jeanette E. Perkins	Gertrudyt Beekman
Caroline Trask	Geva Rideal
	Leland Hallock

## DRAWINGS.

Tina Gray	Margaret White
Arnold W. Lahee	C. Norvin Rinek
Helen Perry	Mary Dun Buchannan
David A. Wasson	Jean C. MacDuffie

Dorothy Haggard	Kirtley B. Lewis
Ina Cerimboli	Marguerite Stuart
S. Bruce Elwell	Milton R. Owen
Donald B. Prather	Katherine Dennison
Mary Darwin	Edward Mower, Jr.
Katherine Hill	A. Tyler
E. C. Callahan	Grace Elizabeth Allen
Edith C. Develin	E. Royce
Albert Folger Snow	Valentine Ketcham
Ruth Flower Stafford	Carol Bradley
Joseph Wood	Harry A. Bell
F. D. Fenhagen	W. Gilbert Sherman
Russell Walcott	Fred Carter
Frances S. Mears	Percy Lawrence Young
Marjorie F. Sprague	Helen Coggeshall
Helena Lee Camp	U. Sutton Nelthorpe
S. R. MacVeagh	Charlotte S. Woodford
	Teresa J. Galey

## PHOTOGRAPHS.

Alex Atworth	Leane Katherine Schiff
Paul A. Larned	Elmer S. Blaine
C. L. Whitman	Richard R. Stanwood
Gertrude Monaghan	George A. Allen
Rowland P. Carr	Maurice F. Jones, Jr.
Margaret Stevens	John Watson Christie
R. Kingsley Tomlin, Jr.	George Rodman Goethals
Morris Duncan Douglas	Viola B. Tree
Walter V. Scott	Fred Willis
Edith Miller	Frederic Ullmann
Z. Roos	J. Leonard Truax
Ruth C. Dutcher	Henry E. Birkinbine
Tom Dalrymple	George H. Adler
Strathern	Mary J. Badger
Lorraine March	Lynette Adriance
Larned V. P. Allen	Lulu Senff
Robert A. Hardy	J. Lindsey Ochiltree
Arthur L. Besse	Lawrence A. Rankin
John F. Reddick	Alfred W. Watkins
	Faith S. Chapman

## PUZZLES.

Emily Sibley	Yetta Israel
Iris L. Mudge	Elsie F. McClintock
George S. Brengle	Rachel Rhoades
Henry Martyn Hoyt, Jr.	Margaret Munsterberg
J. Wheaton Chambers	S. Jean Arnold
Weston Harding	Oliver Wilbur Doty
Ruth Allaire	Thaxter D. Hazen
Marie H. Whitman	Grace L. Craven
Matilda Otto	Madeleine Dickie
Sophie K. Smith	Melanie A. Weil
Ruth Raymond	Volant Vashon Ballard
M. D. Malcomson	May A. Chambers
Marie Helene Whitman	Nellie Boyer
Alfred James Gazzaldi	Annie Smith
Carroll R. Harding	J. W. Cox, Jr.

The prize puzzles and others selected for publication, as well as the list of puzzle-answers, will be found in the regular "Riddle-box."

To NEW READERS.—It costs nothing to become a member of the St. Nicholas League. Any reader of the magazine, or any one desiring to become such, may join the League by sending their name and address on a stamped envelope. We will return it with a League badge and an instruction leaflet.

Every boy and girl should be a reader of ST. NICHOLAS, and every reader of ST. NICHOLAS should be a member of the St. Nicholas League.



BY GILBERT SHERMAN,  
AGE 15.

## NICE BITS FROM LETTERS.

VIRGINIA P. JENNINGS: "I think that the *ST. NICHOLAS* makes you feel that you can do something, if you are not so old."

Dorothy Anderson: "I mean to try and start a chapter here in Yokohama (Japan) as soon as I myself am a member."

Isabel K. Sevason (England): "We began to take your delightful magazine November, 1877, and I have enjoyed it from the beginning. . . . My little nieces and nephews love you."

Margaret Doane Gardiner: "Wordsworth said, 'We are seven,' but I may say, 'We are six'—six who have enjoyed you a long, long time. If ever my literary work should come to anything, I shall always feel that *ST. NICHOLAS* has been and is a great help."

Frances Renée Despard: "The maid knocked on my door: 'The letter-man wants yez, mum, to sign something.' I simply flew down stairs, for I guessed it was my precious button."

Mary F. Watkins: "I think the League is perfectly splendid, and I hope it will keep up forever."

Harold Hoeber: "I have a toy theater. I cut out my own figures from prints that came from Germany, and then I have a front and a curtain. I have figures for 'Robinson Crusoe' and 'Midsummer Night's Dream.'"

THE HERMITAGE,  
HARROW-ON-HILL, ENGLAND.

DEAR *ST. NICHOLAS*: I am a girl thirteen years old, and I live at Harrow, where there is a large public school of about six hundred boys. I thought I would tell you about some fly-catchers which built in our garden last year. There were two babies, and after they came out of the nest, they used every evening to sit huddled up together on the high branch of a tree, while the mother bird came down and sat on the croquet hoops until she saw a fly, which she would catch and fly up with it on to the branch beside the young birds and feed them.

I used to have a hen canary, which was very tame.



"THE EDITOR." BY ROGER M. SMITH, AGE 11.

When I let her out she very seldom flew about, but used to hop all over the floor, picking up any pieces of stuff or cotton she could find, and weaving them together into a tangle. When she sat on my head or shoulder she would always peck out my hair for the same purpose. She would also eat sugar out of your hand or mouth, and jump over a stick.

Hoping you will print this, I remain,

Your interested reader, DOROTHY BERSHELL.

Other good letters have been received this month from Lorraine Andrews, Edward Carroll Callahan and his mother, Deborah Morris, John W. Speelman, Olive W. Martin, Kirtley B. Lewis, Lucy McMechan, Lawrence Myers Mead, James L. Claghorn, Zerlina Blout, Willie Vaughan, Hilda Hempe, Anne Page Pease, Etta Stein, Addison Foad Worthington, Hadleigh Marsh, Alfred P. Hanchett, K. Davies T. Gambier, Grace R. Douglas, Bessie MacDougall, Amalia E. Lautz, Edith M. Thompson, Dorothy Cowperthwait, Ione Pease, Eleanor Felton, Margaret B. James, Florence Harris, Kate Strouse, Susan Bacon, Mildred Wheat, Martha Rosentreater, and from Karl Keffer, Jr., two copies of "The Bubble," a bright little paper published by himself and Fred Wilson, at Charleroi, Pennsylvania. The first number contains the following frank announcement:

"THE OBJECT OF THIS PAPER.

"The object of this journal is to print a paper partly for our own benefit, partly for the money there is in it, and partly for our readers.

"Our paper will be published once a month. The price is three cents a copy. Instead of paying by the year, an account will be taken of the number of copies you receive. We use this method because we are not quite sure as to whether we can get out an issue every month or not."

There are a good many grown-up publishers who might find it advisable to be as straightforward as our young friends.

## PRIZE COMPETITION NO. 11.

COMPETITION No. 11 will close August 22. The awards will be announced and the prize contributions published in *ST. NICHOLAS* for November.

POEM. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. It may be illustrated, if desired, with not more than two drawings or photographs by the author, who may also select the subject.

PROSE. Story or article of not more than four hundred words. It may be illustrated, if desired, with not more than two drawings or photographs by the author, who may also select the subject.

DRAWING. India or very black ink on white, unruled paper. The young artists may select their own subjects.

PHOTOGRAPH. Any size, mounted or unmounted, and any subject. No blue prints or negatives.

PUZZLE. Any sort, but the more original in form, the better.

PUZZLE-ANSWERS. Best, neatest, and most

complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of *ST. NICHOLAS*.

WILD-ANIMAL OR BIRD PHOTOGRAPH. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of a gun:

For the best photograph of a wild animal or bird, taken in its natural home: *First Prize*, five dollars and League gold badge. *Second Prize*, three dollars and League gold badge. *Third Prize*, the League gold badge.

Remember, every contribution of whatever kind must bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These things must not be on a separate sheet, but on the contribution itself—if a manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, on the margin or back.

THE *ST. NICHOLAS* LEAGUE,  
Union Square,  
New York City.



BY STANLEY H. CHAMBERS, AGE 8.



# EDITORIAL NOTE.

ST. NICHOLAS has published several articles about Helen Keller, the blind deaf-mute, and has also printed a story and letters written by Helen herself.

In September, 1889, we published an article by Florence Howe Hall, telling the story of Helen's childhood and early education, and almost at the end these words were quoted from her: "I do want to learn much about everything!" In May, 1890, the Letter-box department printed a letter from Helen herself, then ten years old, promising a story for the magazine. This story was printed in the same department for August of that year. In June, 1892, is the article by Adeline G. Perry, describing "A Visit from Helen Keller," and printing in facsimile one of her letters; and in December, 1893, Helen describes her visit to the Chicago World's Fair. Finally, the Letter-box department of January, 1894, contains a very cordial letter from Helen herself.

Since her days of childhood she has studied to such excellent purpose that now she has made herself the equal in scholarship of even the cleverest girls of her own age, and has proved her right to the praise bestowed upon her by passing the regular examinations for Radcliffe College—the woman's department of Harvard University. An account of her preparation for this test of progress has been published recently.

Her intellectual powers, however, are not her best claim to her friends' affection; she gains their love rather by her upright, straightforward character and her happy disposition. "She is the happiest young girl I ever saw," was the emphatic remark of an excellent judge—a lady whose acquaintance with bright, cheerful young women is unusually extensive.

## PARIS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I inclose a letter to the magazine in behalf of my little son. He thinks your readers who are studying French in their schools all over the United States will, perhaps, like to read his little French letter. He wrote it absolutely without suggestion, assistance, or correction, and I have not changed it, thinking that if you see fit to print it in your letter department you prefer his work and not mine. The punctuation is odd, but it is French.

Mrs. E. R. M.

CHER ST. NICHOLAS: Je suis un petit garçon Américain de huit ans, je vous ai lu depuis que j'avais cinq ans et je vous trouve très intéressant. J'ai le plaisir de vous écrire une lettre Française.

Je suis venu ici les jours du grand orage de neige de Février 1899 et quelque temps après que je suis arrivé à Paris je suis entré dans l'École Albert-le-Grand à Arcueil, département de la Seine. Il y a longtemps de passé, l'école n'avait que six pères et cinquante élèves, maintenant elle a quatre cent cinquante élèves et à

peu près vingt pères, plus les professeurs d'équitation, de natation, de musique, de langues et de gymnastique.

L'école est dans le beau parc où habitait autrefois l'astronome célèbre Laplace, son vieux château est occupé par les trois classes les plus élevés de l'école.

Pendant les vacances j'ai voyagé avec ma mère en Bretagne où les hommes portent que des chapeaux noirs garnis de banderolles de velours noir, les femmes que des bonnets blancs.

Nous avons vus les châteaux-forts et les villes fortifiées bâties par les ducs de Bretagne avant la découverte d'Amérique. Nous avons visité Concarneau d'où on emporte des sardines même en Amérique.

Nous avons visité aussi le Mont St. Michel où il y a en des temples depuis deux mille années et où il y a maintenant le grand bâtiment du prison, de l'église et de l'abbaye. Le Mont St. Michel est dans la mer au nordouest de la Bretagne et il y a là, la plus grande marée du monde qui vient plus vite qu'un cheval peut galoper.

Il y a maintenant que deux mois depuis ma rentrée au collège, hier il y avait la fête du bienheureux Albert-le-Grand patron de l'école; on jouait à la comédie, il y avait des acteurs de la Comédie-Française, du Théâtre de la République, et les artistes de l'Opéra.

Au revoir, mon cher ST. NICHOLAS.

HAROLD NIXON MATTHEWS.

## NEWLANDS, CHISLEHURST, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am an English girl living only a few miles out of London. Though we have taken you for a great many years, I have never written to you before. I enjoy reading ST. NICHOLAS very much and have been very interested in "The Story of Cromwell's Opportunity." But may I draw your attention to the last sentence of that story, page 429 in the March number? The sentence is this: "In all England, as in all America, no marble or bronze statue yet commemorates the man who so nearly became an American, and who lived and died one of the greatest of Englishmen," etc. When that story was written, of course I don't know; but if it was written after Friday, November 14, 1899, or if it was written before and printed *after*, part of that last sentence ought never to have been printed. On the date just mentioned, a statue of Oliver Cromwell, to commemorate that great man, was unveiled in London, near Westminster Hall, not far from the Houses of Parliament. It was given anonymously, but it is reported, and is most probable, that it was given by Lord Rosebery. It is a very fine statue, and though there may not be one in America, there *is* one in England. I remain

Yours sincerely,

P. CHUBB.

WE thank the kind correspondents, whose names are printed below, for their interesting letters:

Emily B. White, Caryl S. Coman, Condit N. and Clarence F. Eddy (who are in Sidon, Syria, and would like letters sent them), Homer E. Shaw, Jeanette B. Hill, Robert R. Gentle, Helen M. Peck, Thomas K. Davis, Dorothy Anderson, Gladys Howard, Barbara Freema., Beth A., Janet Stow, Pansy Clarke, Nina Mackellar, F. P. M., Gertrude Baker.

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. Sky-rocket.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MAY NUMBER were received before May 15th, from E. A. Downing, 1—A. Meredith—A. M. Rogers, 1—Beatrice Reynolds, 3—A. Preston, 1—H. S. Keeler, 1—M. A. Crandall, 1—M. I. Stewart, 1—C. M. Penn, 1—B. McCormick, 1—Florence and Edna, 6—J. Trump, 1—M. L. Hunter, 1—B. Florey and L. Thompson, 1—A. Samson, 1—William H. Coburn, 3—E. Luster, 1—D'une Amie, 3—Ethel C. Breed, 2—Marguerite Sturdy, 3—Ethel Snow, 4—Marjorie R., 3—Annie, Charles, and Russell Whitlesey, 8—Kate Lea Donald, 8—"Dodo and Temgon," 4—May Putnam, 2—"Tuskarora, Minnehaha, and the Missionary," 5—Agnes Louise, and Doris, 11—R. Dunham, 1—Katharine Forbes Liddell, 7—H. F. Watson, 1—Helen Perry, 2—M. L. Moore, 1—A. C. Corbett, 1—C. E. St. Louis, 1—C. Curtis, 1—Marjorie Ely Rogers, 1—H. Richards, 1—R. H. Richards, 1—A. Dickson, 1—S. B. Copeland, 1—Pauline C. Duncan, 1—J. C. Chase, 1—Franklin Ely Rogers, and "Ria," 6—R. Rhoades, 1—Anita Hopkins, 1—Gertrude Johnstone, 2—R. A. Bliss, 1.



### CONNECTED SQUARES.

EMILY SIBLEY (League Member).

1. IN Kaffir. 2. A wing-like part. 3. A tin or glass bottle. 4. To request. 5. In Kaffir. I. O.

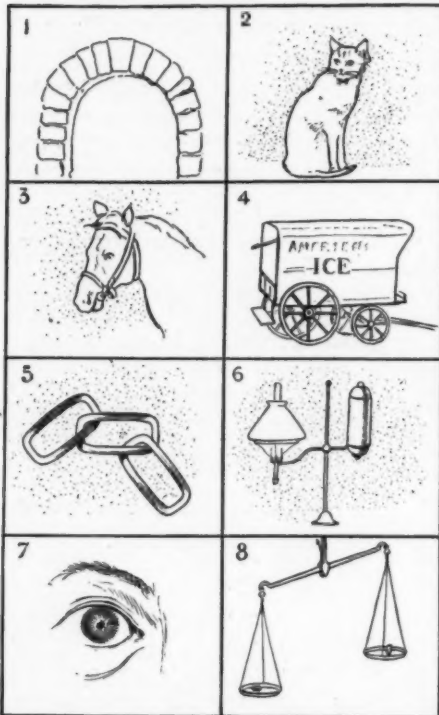
HENRY MARTYN HOYT, JR. (League Member).

**RYHMED NUMERICAL ENIGMA.**

(First Prize, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

JUST thirteen letters form my name;  
 By birth I'm French — you know me well;  
 I've 13-12-11-3-5-8-5-6 as you 'd scarce believe  
 A man could 13-12-11-3-5-8 and live to tell.  
 Yet always was I 3-5-1-4-2-9-13-13, brave,  
 Ne'er giving way to 3-5-1-4 or 7-4-9-1-6,  
 Though help for me was so 6-5-2-1-10-5-7  
 That oft I wished that I were 6-5-1-7.  
 But after four long, weary 10-5-1-4-13  
 Of degradation, doubt, and shame,  
 They 've made me 3-4-9-5, and now I live  
 To reëstablish my fair name.

MARY EASTON.

**ILLUSTRATED PRIMAL ACROSTIC.**

WHEN the eight objects in the above illustration have been rightly guessed, and the names placed one below another in the order given, the initial letters will spell the name of a Greek legendary warrior.

Designed by J. Wheaton Chambers  
 (League Member).

**TRANSFORMATIONS.**

DOUBLE the last letter to effect the transformation.  
 Example: Transform a human being to a famous educator. Answer, Man, Mann.

1. Transform a hindrance to the surname of the writer of "Friend Olivia."

2. Transform a powerful weapon to the surname of a famous colonist.

3. Transform a deep receptacle into the surname of an English statesman.

4. Transform an animal into the surname of a Scotch poet.

5. Transform stern into the surname of a famous writer of fairy-tales.

6. Transform to boast into the surname of an American general.

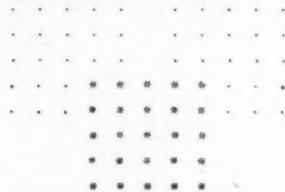
7. Transform the thorny envelope of a seed into the surname of an American politician who was indicted for treason in 1807.

8. Transform equal into the name of the last wife of an English king.

9. Transform a young animal into the surname of a notorious pirate.

10. Transform what the spider spins into the surname of an American general.

PLEASANT A. TODD.

**OVERLAPPING WORD-SQUARES.**

I. UPPER LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. Part of the palate. 2. Part of a helmet. 3. A very high rate of interest. 4. A feminine name. 5. One of a primitive people.

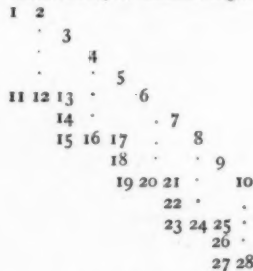
II. UPPER RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. The little wheel of a spur. 2. A substance used in making paint. 3. In what place. 4. A wandering from the right course or standard. 5. Looks obliquely.

III. LOWER SQUARE: 1. Impetuous. 2. Imbecile. 3. Yields to force or pressure. 4. Chosen. 5. Ceases from action or motion.

M. E. FLOYD.

**A FLIGHT OF STAIRS.**

(Second Prize, St. Nicholas League Competition.)



FROM 1 to 2, a familiar abbreviation; from 2 to 12, a constellation; from 4 to 16, to drink; from 6 to 20, a feminine name; from 8 to 24, a possessor; from 10 to 28, to gaze rudely; from 11 to 13, an insect; from 13 to 15, also; from 15 to 17, away from; from 17 to 19, not many; from 19 to 21, small; from 21 to 23, nightfall; from 23 to 25, an epoch; from 25 to 27, help; 27 and 28, a tiny French word; from 1 to 10, an August pest.

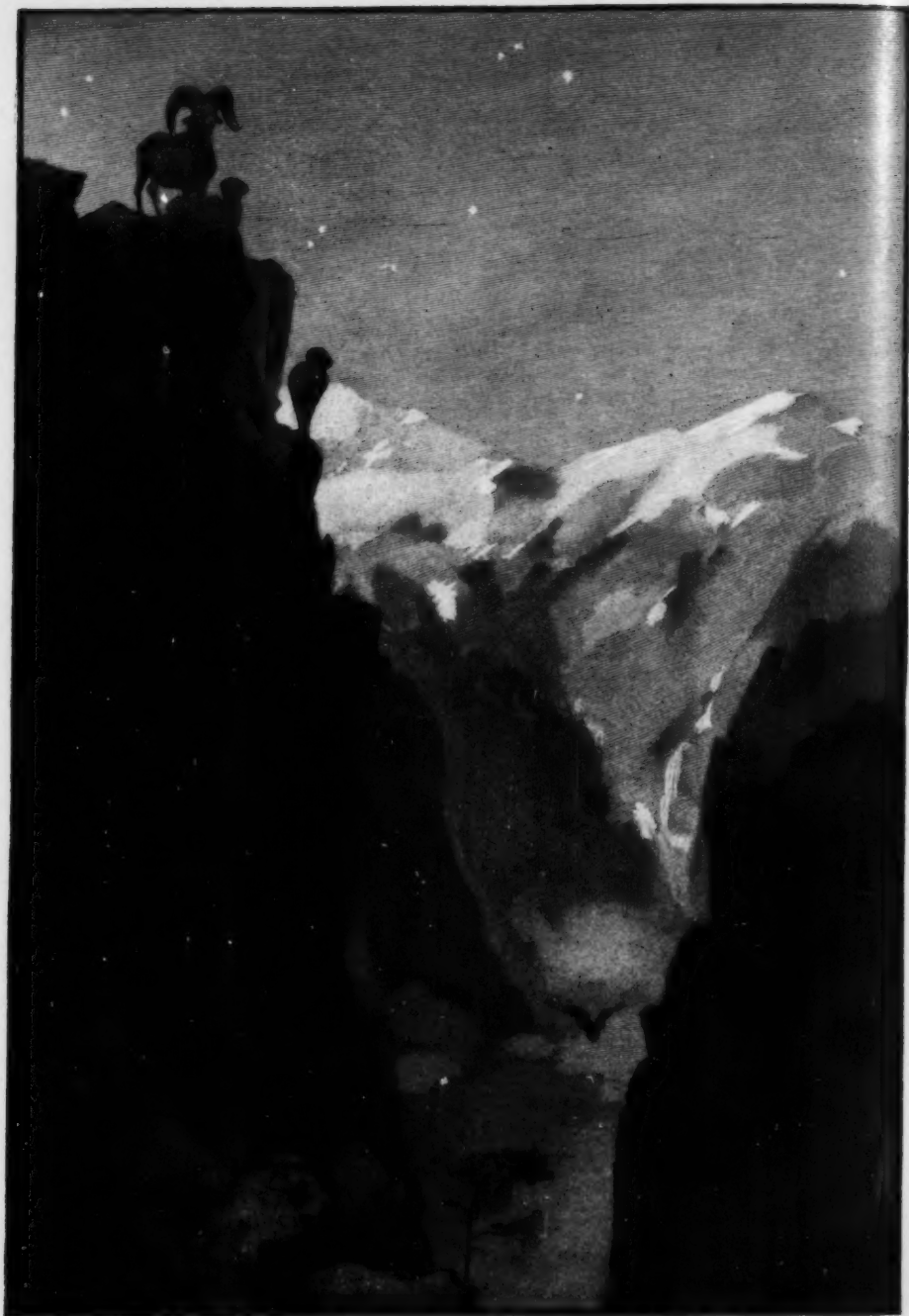
LOUISE CLENDENNING SMITH.



an  
ch  
ous  
an  
he  
for  
of  
a  
me

al-  
in-  
ive  
tle  
nt.  
rse  
tle.  
ses

2, a  
0, a  
28.  
13,  
not  
all;  
and  
est.  
i.



"THE WILD SHEEP FROM THE BATTERED ROCKS,  
SURE FOOT AND FLEET OF LIMB,  
GETS UP TO SEE THE STARS GO BY  
ALONG THE MOUNTAIN-RIM."